# The Poor in Our Midst

DC March 21, 1968 35¢

REPORT FROM KHE SANH

# THE REPORTER

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*Doctor Ferdinand Lucca greets some of his patients outside the clinic at Barranquitas, in the mountains south of San Juan. Photo by Tom Hollyman.*

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**Acrostician—**

CLARK M. CLIFFORD

(Acrostickler 188 will appear in the April 4 issue)

# WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IF THE Kerner Commission wanted to write a report that would shock, it certainly succeeded. It has shocked **Max Ascoli,** not because of the facts it collected with admirable diligence, but because of its premises and conclusions, which he considers detrimental to the good work the commission has done.

In citing the achievements of his administration in the fields of equality for our Negro citizens and of benefits for the poor at large, President Johnson spoke with special pride recently of what is being done for the nation's health. As he said, after sixty years of talk we have finally come up with deeds. A prime example of what he meant is the Neighborhood Health Centers program of the Office of Economic Opportunity. This program, now in its initial phases and as yet little publicized, comes close to total health care for the poor of a quality and nature heretofore enjoyed only by the economically privileged. **Judith Randal** is chief medical writer for the Washington *Evening Star*. . . . A less encouraging side of OEO activity is reported by **Lawrence Davis,** a graduate student in journalism at Syracuse University. In that city the OEO's major programs are suspended because its controversial guideline for "maximum feasible participation" of the poor was carried to the extreme. Militant representatives of the poor gained control of the local Community Action agency and, after months of mismanagement and divisive tactics, constrained the OEO to withdraw its funds.

**Denis Warner's** latest report from the Vietnam battlefronts is a somber one. The North Vietnamese buildup continues, and whether the main target turns out to be the Khe Sanh outpost or the cities, the offensive will be renewed. In the meantime, Warner declares, neither we nor the South Vietnamese have made the most of the comparative lull to strengthen our positions. . . . NATO's new strategy of flexible response is in theory a realistic policy for a time of nuclear stalemate, but its reliance on costly sophisticated conventional weapons and on armies that few of the allies are willing to supply makes its deterrent a shaky one. **Claire Sterling** points out that it works only as long as the Soviet Army allows it to. . . . The conservatives in the Republican Party have apparently learned a lesson from 1964. Many states that supported Barry Goldwater will send uncommitted delegations to Miami Beach, hoping that Richard Nixon will by then have won enough support to prevent another bitter convention fight for the nomination. **Jules Witcover,** a Washington correspondent for the Newhouse National News Service, found in old Goldwater Country a desire to win that so far outweighs ideological considerations. But he questions whether this new spirit can withstand a stop-Nixon drive that would split the party. . . . Seattle is a pleasant city that has been slow to perceive the strains that accompany urban growth. Once the warning signs were recognized, the city shook off smugness and recently voted for most provisions of a co-ordinated public and private attack on a wide range of problems. **Bruce K. Chapman** is a Seattle-based free-lance writer.

THE CAREER of **H. E. Bates** as a writer of fiction spans forty-three years, and his novels and short stories have been translated into sixteen languages. Among his many books, *The Best of H. E. Bates* is published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, and *A Crown of Wild Myrtle* by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. . . . **Father Andrew M. Greeley,** Senior Study Director of the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago, is the author of *The Changing Catholic College*, and with Peter H. Rossi is co-author of *The Education of Catholic Americans*, both from Aldine. . . . **John Alexander Allen** is chairman of the Department of English at Hollins College and a contributor to *The Hollins Poets* (University Press of Virginia). His own collection, *The Lean Divider*, will be published next fall by the Golden Quill Press. . . . **Gerald Weales,** who teaches at the University of Pennsylvania, is the editor of Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* for the Viking Critical Library series. . . . **Glendy Culligan,** former book-review editor of the Washington *Post*, is a voracious reader. . . . **Martin Nolan** is a member of our Washington staff.

Our urban cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**



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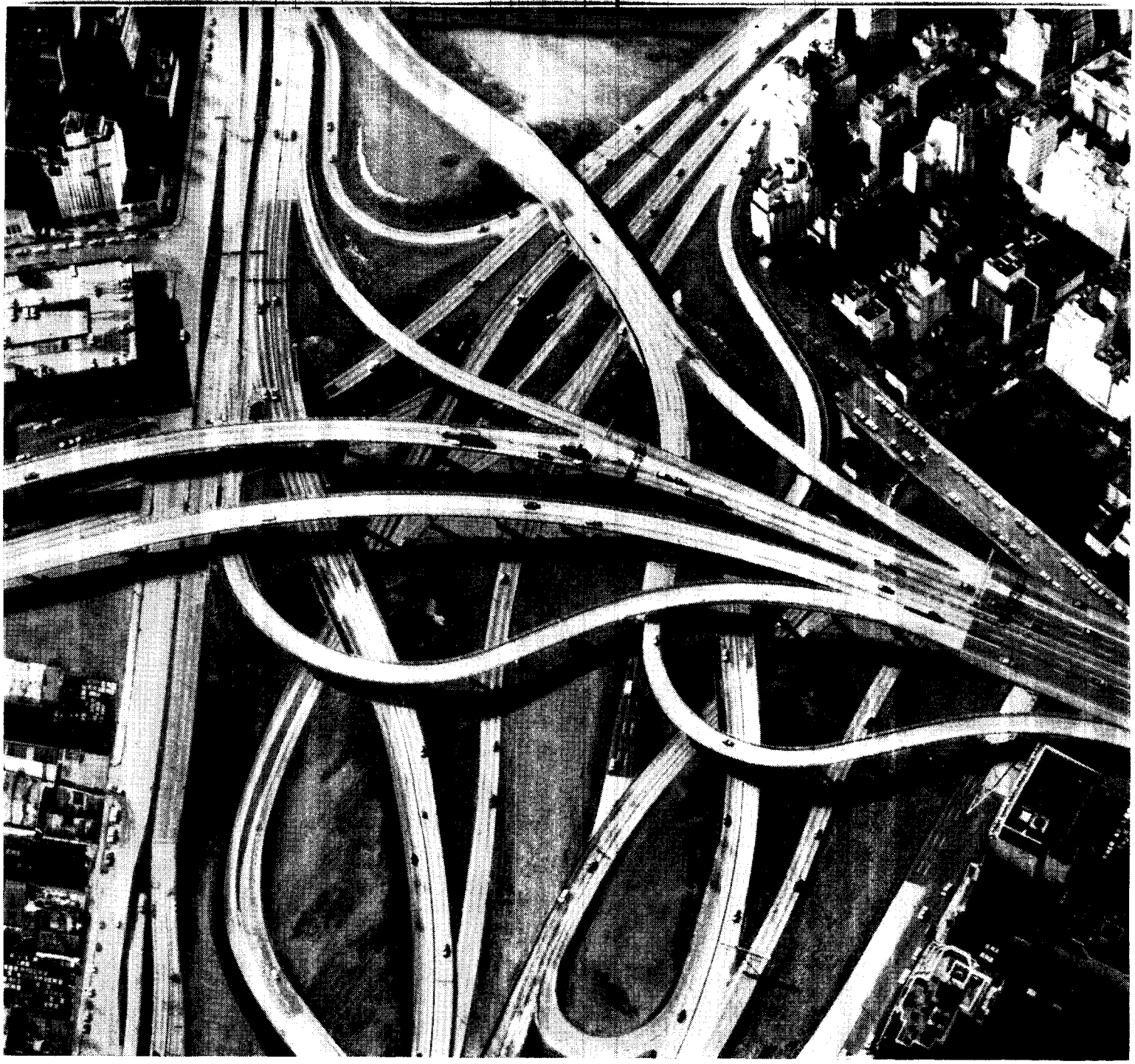

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# CORRESPONDENCE

## THE TRAVEL TAX

**To the Editor:** Meg Greenfield does an outstanding job in the February 22 issue of pointing out the haphazard origin and shaky foundation of the administration's travel-tax proposal ("The Tax Man's Guide to Europe").

Fortunately, the President's Industry-Government Travel Task Force has now recommended a constructive alternative which is promising enough to let us drop any idea of a travel tax. The Task Force's "visitor hospitality cards" would entitle European visitors to as much as a third off on their costs of traveling to and in the United States.

This is an "everybody wins" proposition—the Europeans who'd have a once-in-a-lifetime chance to visit the U.S. at bargain rates, the price-cutting American industries who'd be able to use underemployed capacity and would benefit from higher volume, the government which would gain added tax revenue to offset the expenses of an invigorated program of tourist promotion, and all free men who'd be spared an interference with the right to travel and the accompanying dangers of a retaliatory down spiral of restrictionism.

A vigorous travel-incentive program could bring some 700,000 more Europeans to the United States and produce fully as much improvement in the balance of payments as a distasteful tax.

But a travel-incentive program for Europeans is not going to work in tandem with a travel-restriction program for Americans. Instead we should concentrate on the positive, to reduce our travel deficit without tears.

HENRY S. REUSS
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

## IN DEFENSE OF WATERWAYS

**To the Editor:** I have just read with great interest the article in your February 22 issue, "The Domestic Program Congress Won't Cut," by Professor Robert Haveman and Paula Stephan.

Two comments seem appropriate in response to the article's shotgun attack upon the benefit-cost standards which have been used for many years in waterway development.

1. Determination of comparable rates between waterway transport and rail transport, used in obtaining benefit figures, is relatively precise and reflects the facts of life which confront shippers and industry. On the other hand, "difference in transport costs," which is the measurement preferred by the authors, is virtually impossible to determine and has little significance to the businessman and the shipper.

The practical effect of requiring a demonstration of "real national benefits . . . measured by using cost reductions (in terms of national resources saved) to estimate transportation savings"—as recommended by the authors—would be to eliminate practically all inland waterway development, for the simple, indisputable reason that we do not have either the reliable data or the practical, workable process for such a demonstration.

2. The article's consistent theme—that Army Engineers' traffic and benefit estimates are arbitrarily bloated and result in "half-used waterways"—is totally inconsistent with the facts and the record. Freight carried on the nine-foot navigation channel of the Ohio River, for example, is fully eight times as great as the early estimates used to justify its construction. On the Gulf Intra-Coastal Waterway, the freight being carried by barges is more than ten times the estimates. On the upper Mississippi, from Minneapolis to St. Louis, almost forty million tons of traffic is being carried—well over four times the estimates.

Based on these experiences, we are confident tonnage on the Arkansas River will run well above the estimates within a few years after completion of this great project, in 1970.

Professor Haveman and Miss Stephan conveniently neglect to mention that most inland navigation projects are accompanied by substantial benefits in flood control and water supply which are major factors in comprehensive river development. On the Arkansas River we are already realizing substantial additional benefits in hydroelectric power, outdoor recreational opportunity, and industrial development. Major coal resources are receiving industrial attention because of the river project.

We are confident that the project will prove to be a major step to the full industrial development of a great river basin where rich mineral resources and industrious people will guarantee national benefits far exceeding the estimates of Army Engineers.

ED EDMONDSON
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C.

## KHE SANH

**To the Editor:** In his quiet way, Denis Warner ("Khe Sanh and Dien Bien Phu," *The Reporter*, February 22) castigates U.S. military strategists for offering General Giap a chance to re-



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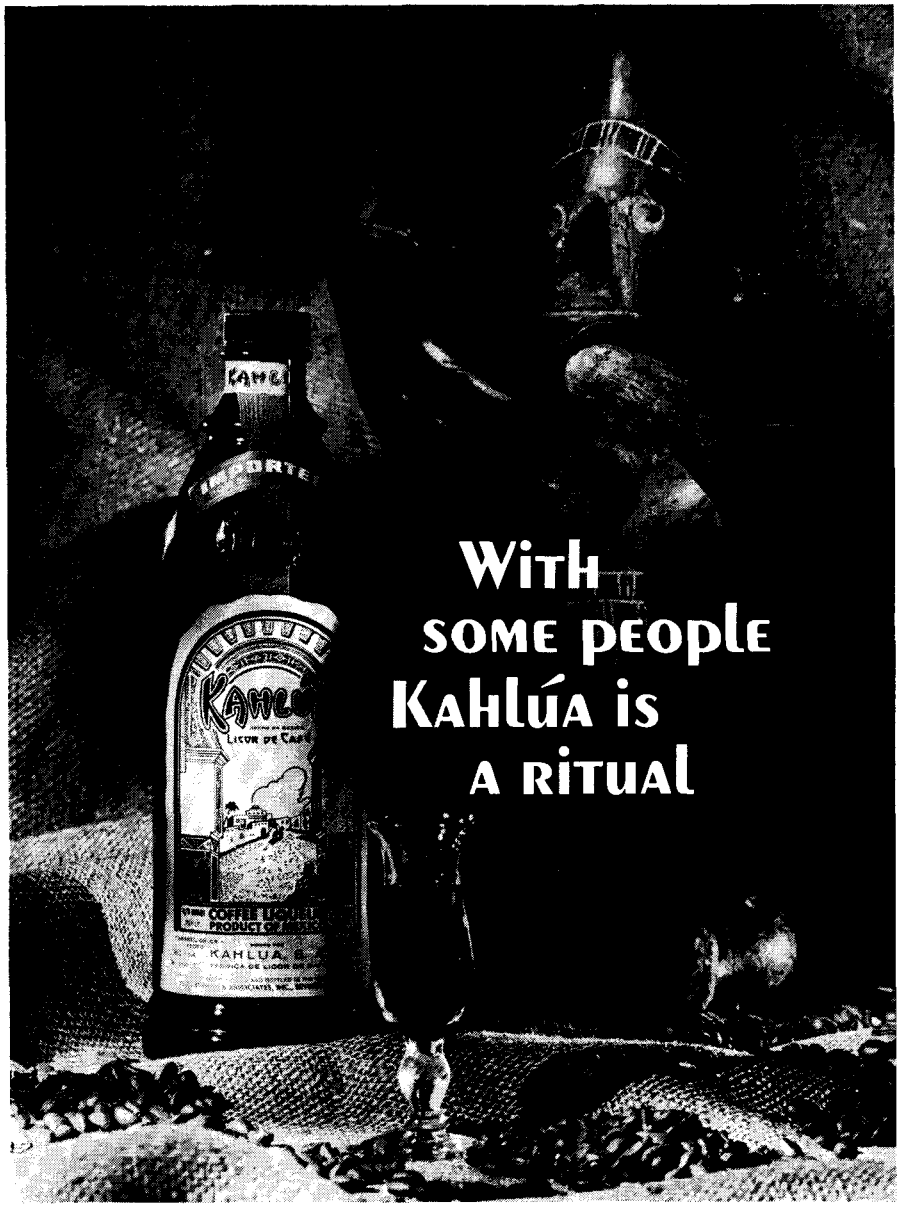


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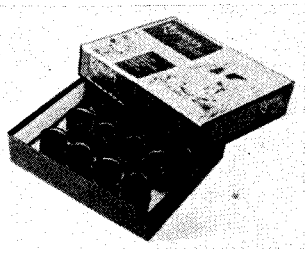

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peat history. That they should ignore the lesson of Dien Bien Phu is incredible. Let us hope that their assurances that Khe Sanh can be defended are more soundly based than their decision to set up that post and others like it. But even if Giap chooses not to make an all-out drive against Khe Sanh, he will have achieved a victory of sorts by tying up thousands of U.S. combat troops—for many months if he wishes—in the static defense of posts which, as Warner writes, "have now acquired a significance far beyond their tactical importance."

ALBERT LANGER
New York

## ISRAEL

**To the Editor:** Hugh Nissenson's "Notes from the Frontier, 1965" (*The Reporter*, February 22) is the most immediate and realistic account of life on a kibbutz I have read. The pride of achievement, the constant struggle against the land, the sense of purpose and direction—all are brought out with brilliant economy of writing. And the characters Mr. Nissenson speaks of fairly leap from the pages in just a few deft strokes. I have never been within a thousand miles of Israel, but I feel that suddenly I know the land and its people intimately.

JOHN STEVENS
Chicago

## LIVES OF GOOD MEN . . .

**To the Editor:** Thank you for the book reviews by Sarel Eimerl. I was delighted with his "The Good Life Is No Fun." It will not go out of style and can be appreciated by friends of every hue and philosophy.

Now I know why biographies suggested in school were never very high on my list. Ben Franklin is remembered as a waste-not-want-not type who led too careful a life to sound comfortable; Abraham Lincoln drifts back as always reading heavy stuff, with cold feet and hot head (by light of fireplaces); and even that nice (saintly!) Eleanor Roosevelt comes through as a mountain-climber and plane-catcher racing about to avoid being smothered by a domineering mother-in-law.

Mr. Eimerl's enthusiasm and analytical bent are communicated so clearly, almost effortlessly, that reviews become studies in depth or fascinating short stories. If writing were my bread and butter, I would pray for a review by him. He isn't nit-picky, he understands what the writer is attempting to do, and his criticisms are those of an erudite gentleman sharing the thoughts of a well-balanced and constructive mind.

DOROTHY V. KLUCKEN
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## No Tempus, No Mores

Britain's abandonment of Greenwich Mean Time is a massive blow to navigators, clockmakers, track athletes, and orchestra conductors. After all, the rest of the world has come to assume that because GMT exists, then all other times must exist too. Now we are suddenly left with nothing but vague assurances that there is still a clock ticking away there in the Observatory, but since not even the British themselves pay any attention to it, how can we be sure? And what does this mean to Iowa farmers and Russian sailors and waltzers?

Indeed, what about the sands of time themselves, specifically "the most extensive body of sand on the face of the globe," that great dry sea whose waves are the drifting dunes? It is there in Saudi Arabia that the sudden, stupendous annihilation of Greenwich Mean Time will wreak the most havoc. It is a matter of fact that there are—or were—three officially recognized times in Saudi Arabia: GMT; "sun time" which is the time kept by every Saudi who sets his watch—if he has one—at twelve o'clock every time the sun sets (requiring an adjustment of about half a minute each day); and "MAAG-house" time, a compromise within the more than five-hour difference between GMT and "sun time" worked out by the American Military Assistance Advisory Group in Jedda.

The reason for sun time and MAAG-house time is that all life in Saudi Arabia is structured around the five obligatory Moslem prayer times that are spaced about equally within the twenty-four-hour period. The Saudi spends a total of at least an hour and a half out of every twenty-four in prayer. GMT would have him up facing Mecca in the middle of the night. Nevertheless GMT was the absolute connection between the Saudi and the outside world. In his dealings with Westerners, the Saudi accepted GMT as a means of marking junctures in the cosmic process. We always thought that MAAG-house time would go first, to be followed by sun-time as the Saudi gradually adapted to the modern world. But no. The British—no doubt in the course of their scuttling the Empire—have done away with GMT and unhinged the globe. How can my time be your time when there's no time like our time? We can't even say that time will tell. Whose time will tell?

## Luxury of Choice

"What 1966 has given us is the luxury of choice." This was the assessment of Governor Daniel J. Evans of Washington at the end of that year as he commented on the Presidential prospects of the Republican Party. During the past year, it seems, Republicans have dwelt more on luxury than on choice. The only avowedly active candidates for the Presidential nomination are Harold Stassen and Richard Nixon. When Governor George Romney called it quits, his valedictory had the makings of a nominating speech for Nixon. "My candidacy," the Michigan governor said, "has not won the wide acceptance with rank-and-file Republicans which is essential to success."

For fifteen years, Nixon has spent his life with rank-and-file Republicans, winning their affection if not their ardor. Yet there is an anxious air permeating the party, a cloud of doubt surrounding the man so many Republicans know so well, the man so many of them expect to nominate this August in Miami Beach.

The doubt is grounded not only in Nixon's "loser" reputation, a condition he cannot now erase in the primaries. As Republicans proved in 1964, they have no aversion to nominating sure losers. The doubts about Nixon center on his capacity and character. Party leaders are skeptical about a man whose "image" has been altered so often. As each verdict of a *new*, new Nixon is delivered, votes may pile up, but so do doubts. Has the man really transformed himself or has the mainspring in his psyche merely been wound tighter?

The fates and Romney's withdrawal have conspired against Nixon's efforts to show his new face. "By going to the primaries I intend to demonstrate that I'm the strongest candidate among the people at large," Nixon said, "and not just the strongest candidate among the party kingmakers." But now, running against the phantom candidacy of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, Nixon must show extraordinary strength. At the very least, he must surpass his totals in the 1960 primaries when he also ran unopposed. The most modest number of write-in votes for Rockefeller will nourish the soil in which the seed of doubt about Nixon already grows.

Of all the places in which doubt about Nixon flourishes—Washington, Albany, Harrisburg, Columbus—nowhere is it better fertilized with expectation than in Sacramento. Governor Ronald Reagan and the former Vice President have never really been allies, and Reagan's closest supporters have made contingency plans to be carried out upon Nixon's slightest stumble. These plans are far more elaborate than those being made for the draft-Rockefeller movement. Reagan's strength is the obverse of Nixon's weakness. No aroma of doubt lingers over the California governor. Conservatives are sure of his ideological credentials, despite his spending proposals and a large state budget. Liberals are equally sure that his nomination would be as disastrous as was the Goldwater candidacy, but their influence in the party has been eroded by their losses in 1964.


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For Nixon, the role of a political chameleon has been a congenial one. Discussing social change with a group of liberal businessmen, denouncing lawlessness before Southern audiences, making light of his past defeats on television shows—the journeys of Richard Nixon have led him to a broad plateau where there is no active opposition. He is now in clear view and his fellow Republicans and fellow Americans can soon decide whether their doubts are well founded.

### To Err Is Inhuman

While challenging unreasonable searches and wiretapping as invasions of privacy, Americans have generally raised no objection to filling out government forms. The submission of all sorts of personal data to Federal agencies, often in triplicate, has been justified by the seekers on grounds of administrative necessity, and tolerated by the givers on the tacit understanding that citizens and the government are all on the same side.

Now a study by the Senate Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure, chaired by Senator Edward V. Long of Missouri, has revealed the full spectrum of minutiae on individuals that has been accumulated within the Federal establishment. The small print of the report from the subcommittee suggests that whatever and whenever an official needs to know, he has the means to find out.

As of last year, 1,755 separate Federal files contained 3,111,467,000 separate records on persons living or dead. More than 27.2 billion entries included 2.9 billion names, 2.3 billion addresses, over one billion military service records, over 264 million police records, 342 million medical histories, more than 279 million psychiatric histories, and beyond 1.7 billion income, assets, and debts records.

Predictably, the largest collectors are the Internal Revenue Service with its hundreds of millions of tax returns, the Social Security Administration, the armed forces, the Veterans Administration, the Bureau of the Census, the Civil Service Commission, the Immigration and Na-

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turalization Service, and the various law-enforcement and security agencies. The FBI alone had 33,755,000 entries in its fingerprint and investigative files a year ago, and expected to add 802,000 each year.

Nearly every Federal bureau seems to have pack-rat tendencies. The Forest Service has saved lists of 100,000 visitors to its recreation centers. The Public Health Service has records on 900,000 Navy recruits who have been given TB skin tests since 1958. The Army alone has amassed over 6.1 million security-investigation reports, some dating back as far as 1917. The Bureau of the Public Debt has even garnered psychiatric dossiers on some of the millions of purchasers of U.S. securities.

Debates about the government's "need to know" become rather academic next to the fact that the government already knows. About a fourth of this material, the study shows, is already retrievable by computers, and about a third may be disclosed beyond the collecting office. Senator Long's subcommittee and other panels are now scrutinizing proposals for a massive Federal data bank that could combine your tax report, your military-service record, your mortgage-payment history, your security clearance, and your traffic-offenses summary into one convenient dossier.

So far it appears that in the near future, the only defense against Federal tyranny, surveillance, or even sheer nosiness may be the integrity of a master programmer. Meanwhile, it is hardly comforting to know that the most effective shield for personal privacy is bureaucratic inefficiency.

## The Ruling Party

President Johnson has evidently decided to abstain from politics during the current primary season. White House reports indicate that he may even keep the convention guessing whether he will accept their renomination. This strategy—in varying degrees of coyness—has been used by many incumbents. But the strategic situation has little effect on the tactical one, and Democratic manpower, mobility, and morale are low today.



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Democrats in various states have been acting nervously since they realized that this year's Presidential election will be far different from the last one. In some states, perpetual chaos has been the rule, so the glum prospects for party unity in California or New York are no special cause for alarm. But in Illinois, the slate-makers turned down several big vote-getters whose presence on the ballot might have aided President Johnson. In Minnesota, Vice President Humphrey was unable to control the state's choice of its Democratic delegates. In the District of Columbia, the party chairman stated that although he supported the President's renomination his conscience would not allow him to support the President's Vietnam policy. Whereupon, the party regulars suggested that he and his conscience were no longer needed and he was ousted as District chairman. The same thing had happened last year to the Michigan state chairman.

In Massachusetts, where the President received 76.2 per cent of the vote in 1964, one of the highest state percentages, the Postmaster General and the Speaker of the House have resigned as delegates. Their embarrassment in this regard was a direct result of White House indecision, since the President waited until the last minute before denying the use of his name on the state's April 30 ballot. The forfeiture of seventy-two first-ballot votes to Senator Eugene McCarthy seems a certainty in that state, although one Democratic delegate plans to defy the state's law and vote for the President in Chicago as "an act of civil disobedience."

Democrats throughout the country will not likely have the President's physical presence as often as they had it in 1964. Instead he plans to rely on his incumbency as his strongest asset. Being "above politics" in a time of foreign crisis is a familiar posture and most Americans will probably understand. President Johnson, for whom 1964 was really not much of a time of political testing, has apparently decided that political details will have to wait for later. Perhaps this is a necessary risk, but it is also a formidable one.


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# Of Black and White

IT IS A PITY, a very great pity: the Kerner Report, a formidable collection of indisputable facts on the misery of the Negroes in our urban areas, has had its usefulness impaired by the verbal recklessness of a few key phrases. The eleven members of the commission worked tirelessly and fearlessly while carrying on with their exacting fulltime jobs. They all cared for the Negroes in the ghettos, and showed their care not just by collating statistics but by going to see what life in the slums is like. They looked for the cause of it all, and for the conceivable outcome. They searched for stirring ideas and came up with hollow headlines.

"White racism," the commission said, "is essentially responsible for the explosive mixture which has been accumulating in our cities since the end of World War II." The date is as fantastic as the notion itself. Racism is an ideology forever tied to the memory of Hitler's Germany. It has an unredeemable quality which no one can shake off, and for which no exception can be made. We have had in this country, and to our shame we still have, a number of prejudices against Negroes—probably stronger against them because of their number and their inferior condition than against other minority groups. But prejudice, unlike racism, is not a belief.

The cross section of prominent citizens asked by the President to make a study of civil disorders had not been commissioned to express the nation's conscience and to confess a crime of which the nation is not guilty.

As to the time when this thing was supposed to have started, the end of World War II, the least one can say is that the commission got somewhat confused. At the conclusion, it quotes one of its first witnesses, Dr. Kenneth B. Clark: "I read that report . . . of the 1919 riot in Chicago, and it is as if I were reading the report of the investigating committee on the Harlem riot of '35, the report of the investigating committee on the Harlem riot of '43 . . . ." All this happened before the end of World War II.

"THIS IS our basic conclusion:" the report states, "our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal." This could be a formidable indictment if it were true. A number of different societies make America, some of them in various degrees still somewhat separate as far as social relationships are concerned, all united and equal when it comes to politics. Now the Negroes in the South, even if illiterate, can cast their ballots.

From the end of World War II, all our national administrations have steadily tried to dent the barrier that kept the blacks separate and unequal from the whites. In 1948, Harry Truman desegregated the Army. From 1954 on, the Supreme Court decision on school desegregation has been supported by the Executive and Legislative branches of the government. True, the process has been tortuous and sometimes marred by setbacks. So it happened that desegregation in schools has caused in many areas of the country what came to be called de facto segregation.

Does one need to add how much is still to be done? The commission's report is a good factual summary of this, and of the conditions that are likely to produce disorders in years to come. These ugly potentials demand something beyond better and more humane police preparedness. They demand co-operation on the part of public and private interests in enlisting the participation of the blacks themselves in the improvement of their condition. Or else the blacks can go their own way, with or without the co-operation of white initiatives or white authorities.

The commission shows in this respect a realism which, to a point, is laudable. It considers the black power movement as a step in the direction of "an accommodation" to the white community, somehow related to the movement of Booker T. Washington. There is, however, a danger inherent in the very nature of the black-power agitation: some of its chieftains want out of the American community and advocate the use of violence. No other minority group has been so inclined; neither was Booker T. Washington, that respectable ancestor offered to the Carmichaels of our days.

THE SHAME of it all is that in the months to come we are going to be deafened by such generalizations—white racism, the two separate and unequal societies. Actually only an extremely limited number of blacks and whites will be agitating and battling. America will be caught in between. There is no need to add that of the two fractional sides the black one is inevitably the weaker.

Yet the intentions of the Presidential commission have been of the best. Their report is admirable. It only needs to be rethought.



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# The Bright Promise Of Neighborhood Health Centers

JUDITH RANDAL

Of all the innovations put forward by the Office of Economic Opportunity in its fight against poverty, the one that perhaps will eventually accomplish the most is its relatively recent Neighborhood Health Center program. If Project Head Start was the first to catch the public's fancy, the Health Center idea is likely to be of more direct benefit to the poor.

Medical reformers have been aware for some time that as medical discovery and technology have leaped ahead, the profession has become fragmented into isolated specialties with steadily costlier treatment often subordinate to research. Despite growing reliance on government-supported programs such as Medicaid and Medicare, medicine's ability to deliver care to the whole community has not kept pace with the high quality of service it can provide the relatively few. Obviously, no group suffers more from this than the poor. Statistics reveal that the poor have more heart disease, more rheumatoid arthritis, more unrehabilitated injury, more mental illness, more tuberculosis, more of almost every illness whether chronic or acute, and higher death rates in all age groups than do Americans at large. Yet the more that is known about the treatment of any disorder, the greater the likelihood that this knowledge is not benefiting the poor.

Illness—or even lack of well-being—and poverty go hand in hand. It is axiomatic that the poor get sicker and the sick get poorer. To break this cycle, since 1966 OEO has offered grants to Community Action agencies, hospitals, medical schools, health departments, medical societies, and other public or nonprofit agencies interested in setting up and operating neighborhood centers "for the development of comprehensive health services for the poor." OEO does not initiate or operate the projects; it selects from among many offered for its approval, provides money and administrative guidance, and sets up broad goals and specific standards. Beyond that, each center is left to make its own decisions and launch its own projects.

### Under One Roof

One major difference between OEO centers and existing clinics lies in the phrase "comprehensive health services." The patient is treated not only for specific illnesses; the idea is, as much as possible, to prevent illness and maintain a high degree of health. Another difference is that the OEO centers are run for the convenience of the patients rather than for that of the people who provide the care. There is no need for several members of a family to go from one special clinic to another—all facilities are under one roof. Members of the same family are treated in relation to one another, and patients' medical and other problems are considered and tackled together.

The emphasis is on finding those who need help rather than putting up barriers to help. Initially, care is provided without question. Emergency care is always provided. Whether or not a family is entitled to continuing free medical care is determined by the center's administrators and OEO's eligibility requirements. (Under the OEO poverty standard, an urban family of four must earn less than $3,200 a year.) In narrowing the choice from among many eligible families, the administrators depend heavily on the views of the Neighborhood Health Council, composed of representatives of those eligible for service and, in most cases, health professionals and other community leaders. Neighborhood workers actually seek out people who will not or cannot come on their own; if transportation or baby sitters are needed, they are supplied. In no case are patients forced through the humiliation of welfare investigations.

Instead of keeping only daytime hours, which mean sacrifices in time and money for many patients, Neighborhood Health Centers are open evenings and weekends; they offer appointments rather than endless waits. Whereas most public facilities are impersonal and dismal, with doctors seeing patients in turn and at random, Health Center patrons may choose a physician and see him regularly in "doctor's office" surroundings. Typically each family chooses the doctor, nurse, and other health worker whom it sees on every visit, although family members will see specialists when necessary.

No one center exactly resembles another. Physically, they range from Watts' brand-new $1.5 million



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building to Mound Bayou, Mississippi's, temporary quarters in an abandoned church, a movie theatre, two former stores, and a trailer. They differ considerably, too, in number of patients. The Columbia Point Center in Boston, the earliest, treats only the residents of one housing project; an OEO grant has been given to another center that will draw families from five counties in Michigan. All are staffed with at least an internist, an obstetrician, a pediatrician, and a dentist, supplemented by part-time specialists and supporting personnel including trained residents of the neighborhood.

All Health Centers, according to OEO ground rules, rely as much as possible on the poor themselves to perform a host of necessary tasks. They are trained for a wide variety of occupations, many of which are undermanned in the nation as a whole. Family health workers, home health and laboratory aides, physicians' and nurses' assistants—these are just a few of the categories destined to help the poor help themselves and others. Contact with doctors and other Health Center professionals, OEO officials think, may even encourage underprivileged young people to try for medical and other health careers.

Neighborhood Health Centers are equipped for emergencies but do not have hospital beds. Each center is allied with a local hospital and sends patients there for surgery or other in-hospital care. For this service, as for any other service provided eligible patients, the centers are reimbursed if a Federal, state, or private agency would normally foot the bill. If no such agency is involved, the center itself pays for care. Just as the family's chosen doctor assumes overall responsibility for his patients' health, the center attends to all the interagency red tape and paper work that must be coped with, relieving patients of tasks that are beyond them. The total average cost per patient is about $120 a year.

Centers are located in city neighborhoods or rural areas that doctors in private practice have found unrewarding. In Watts, for example, before the Health Center opened in the fall of 1967, there was one doctor for every 2,900 persons and the nearest hospital was twelve miles distant. In urban areas where the poor often flock to hospital emergency rooms with every kind of complaint rather than wait hours in special clinics, many hospitals have taken the initiative and sought OEO help in setting up Neighborhood Health Centers, lending staff members to the project. In rural areas, it has often been doctors in group practice who have initiated centers.

### Two Approaches, One Problem

At the start of this year, thirteen centers, nine in the big cities and four in rural areas, were in full operation; nine others were offering services to a limited number of people, and nineteen more have been given grants but were not yet open. Two centers that were authorized simultaneously under the auspices of Tufts University Medical School—one at the Columbia Point public housing project in Dorchester, Massachusetts, the other in Mound Bayou, Mississippi—serve to illustrate the program.

The Columbia Point housing project is austere, cut off from the main-

stream of Boston life. For 150 years the site was Boston's city dump. Since 1953 its dingy brick apartment buildings have been home to 1,500 families or a total of about six thousand people.

Superficially, it is entirely different from rural Mound Bayou, a community of 1,200 Negro sharecroppers in the heart of the Delta. But below the surface, Mound Bayou and the Negro slums of the North share a common background of misery. As machines and weed-killing chemicals have replaced black hands on Southern plantations, 200,000 Negroes have been moving north and west each year, bringing with them a melancholy inventory of want, ignorance, and disease. Although disadvantaged Negroes are not the only ones to benefit from the new health care—Columbia Point is not entirely Negro; poor whites in Appalachia, migrant workers of Mexican extraction, and Indians in Minnesota are also receiving attention—Negroes are by far the most numerous and most typical of the program's beneficiaries.

In the development of their health programs, Columbia Point and Mound Bayou have followed disparate paths determined largely by local attitudes. From the time of its inception two years ago, the Dorchester project has had all the advantages in terms of support from government and professional groups. As a result, service was started six months after the OEO grant was awarded.

Of the six thousand residents in the Columbia Point housing project, 5,324 are patients of the center. Three family-care teams—internist, pediatrician, health workers and other supporting personnel—have been set up. The center has the most up-to-date equipment for ambulatory care, including a computerized record system. A neighborhood immunization program is almost complete. A particularly active health council has been created in a community where no organized activity existed before. It has not only taken an increasingly strong role in planning and administering health care but has gone on to initiate programs for older people and youth groups and has helped to familiarize project residents with other community resources.

An initial survey based on the health records of fifty-four apparently typical Columbia Point families reveals that since they have been under the care of the center, hospitalization of family members has dropped eighty per cent. In part, this is due to the fact that health problems are often treated before they get serious enough to require hospitalization, and in part it is because home-care and neighborhood workers are able to make patients comfortable in their own homes.

At Mound Bayou, by contrast, establishment of a health-care center has been a long, uphill fight. Here the reaction of public officials and



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medical authorities ranged from indifference to outright hostility. The official line seemed—indeed at times was stated openly—to be that the Negroes of Bolivar County neither needed nor deserved medical attention and that the whole scheme was just more Yankee carpetbagging. Even the Negro fraternal burial societies slowed the efforts of the OEO.

According to a Department of Labor estimate, more than sixty per cent of Bolivar County's Negroes now have no work at all. Many get no relief payments and are too poor to buy the Federal food stamps that are worth twenty or thirty times their cash value in surplus food.

Malnutrition is a serious problem. Infant mortality is another. Ninety-eight per cent of white mothers are attended by a doctor at delivery; only fifty-five per cent of the Negroes are. For Bolivar County's 19,000 whites there are nineteen doctors; for 40,000 Negroes there are only three. The doctor-to-patient ratio in the county is half of Mississippi's average, which in turn is half the national average. The county has maintained a small but active health department. But with an annual budget of only $70,000 and just six public-health nurses (none Negro), it has offered only limited care and little doctor service. Tufts University expected and found an abundance of undetected, neglected disease and a backlog of uncorrected birth defects and unrehabilitated injury among the poor of Bolivar County.

Two Negro beneficial groups, the United Order of Friendship and the Knights & Daughters of Tabor, had built small "hospitals" at the end of the Second World War. They were utterly inadequate to the needs of Bolivar County Negroes; but they had been established after herculean efforts by their sponsors, and even though they were on the verge of bankruptcy, they were sold only reluctantly to the Mound Bayou Community Hospital Association through a separate grant arranged by OEO. The hospitals have been merged and are now being modernized.

Operating under the sponsorship of Tufts and the direction of Drs. Jack Geiger and Count Gibson, who had set up the Columbia Point center, the Mound Bayou center now has two pediatricians and three other doctors on its staff as well as the part-time services of Bolivar County's three Negro doctors. The Health Center's facilities are makeshift: one church serves as a clinic and another as staff offices, a movie theatre as a classroom for health-care trainees. (There were 982 applications for thirty trainee jobs when the center opened in November.) A prefabricated building

will be set up this spring. By the time it is ready for use, the health center's present daily case load of sixty patients is expected to double or triple. OEO expects eventually that the center will serve 14,000 people.

In a county where 42,000 people come from families that live on less than $3,000 a year and where some are actually starving, the poor themselves decide who are the very neediest. It is also in such a situation that the comprehensiveness of the Health Center concept is shown at its sharpest. A half-starved child with pneumonia may need penicillin but he also needs food. Mound Bayou's doctors must provide both.

If the health benefits that accrue from the Mound Bayou center are obvious, certain other implications are not. The Health Center staff, with OEO assistance, will also try to help people in Bolivar County to improve their housing, to establish a co-operative to raise and can foods (a farmer has donated the use of a hundred acres of land), and perhaps to open a small factory. The center is running a formal part-time program whereby high-school and junior-college students may get preliminary medical training. The outcome of these efforts is uncertain, but on other scores, at least, two indications of progress are evident.

One is that skilled Southern-born Negro professionals have been willing to return, not merely, as Dr. Geiger said, to give service, but also to provide disheartened people with living examples of what might be possible even for them.

A second is that other Southern states that have been watching events in Bolivar County are displaying a willingness—even an eagerness—for home-grown comprehensive health services of the OEO sort. Lowndes County, Alabama, is a typical case. An area described as "virtually without medical resources," it has received a Neighborhood Health Center planning grant to be administered by the county board of health. The board, along with the state university medical school and the state health department, has begun the preliminaries necessary before services can be begun. So eager was Alabama to get started on this project that Governor Lurleen Wallace, away in Houston, Texas, for cancer treatment, had the necessary papers rushed to her hospital bedside for signature. A similar project is being considered for Montgomery, the state capital.

### Prescription for Change

Many observers believe that Neighborhood Health Centers, if built in sufficient numbers throughout the country, might eventually effect a change in many aspects of the nation's system for delivery of medical care. Indeed, the National Advisory Commission on Health Manpower suggested in its report last November that the national health-care apparatus is more mishmash than system: ". . . a collection of bits and pieces [characterized by] overlapping, duplication, great gaps, high costs, and wasted effort." Daniel Zwick, an OEO official, states the problem in these simple terms: "With medicine one of the most highly organized segments of American society and poor consumers among the least, redressing the balance without scaring the doctors away is by no means an easy task."

Zwick sees in the Neighborhood



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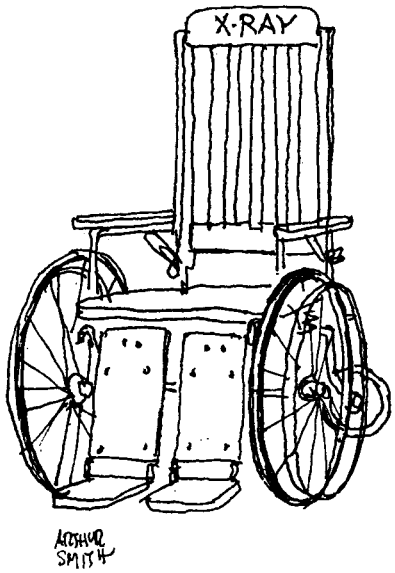
Health Center a tool for making badly needed changes in the way of delivering health services. Many hospital administrators, he points out, are aware that their outpatient services—frequent targets of social criticism—are inadequate. These hospital managers have often been powerless to rearrange priorities so as to give more attention to the needs of outpatients. OEO may turn out to be just the sort of leverage they need. Dr. Paul Torrens, director of community medicine at St. Luke's Hospital Center in New York, three years ago saw money earmarked for a badly needed rehabilitation service snatched away to outfit an open-heart surgery suite, despite the fact that New York City was already oversupplied. Now Torrens has received a $939,402 grant to open a Neighborhood Health Center under St. Luke's auspices.

The OEO Health Centers are also forcing local medical societies and health departments into new professional and social patterns and causing them to accept roles they never would have considered in the past. One example is to be found in Atlanta, where the local Community Action agency, Economic Opportunity Atlanta, Inc., has turned over health-care programming to the Fulton County Medical Society and the Medical School of Emory University. Along similar lines, in the farming community of King City, California, the Monterey County Medical Society is directly involved in the provision of OEO-sponsored health care to indigent people of the area. And in Denver, the city Department of Health and Hospitals has assumed responsibility for two centers, one serving a predominantly Negro area on the east side, the other a Mexican-American west side neighborhood.

Perhaps more significant than any of these developments is the profound influence OEO's Health Center concept seems to be exerting on the nation's medical schools and on the direction of their graduates' careers. For years now, most of these institutions have almost deliberately isolated themselves from the community. Most young doctors have headed either for the research laboratory or the suburbs where a comfortable practice could be staked out in respectable surroundings. Working among the poor was not only frustrating financially but professionally as well. The cost and complication of scientific advances made it virtually impossible for individual practitioners to deliver modern medical care in the slums.

With the advent of OEO Health Centers and the involvement up to now of twenty medical schools in the experiment, both faculty and students have been undergoing a change of heart. The University of Southern California School of Medicine, for example, not only co-operated successfully with the Neighborhood Health Council of nearby Watts in setting up a center, but when Congress delayed in voting funds for the poverty program last fall, the USC medical school came voluntarily to the rescue. Without assurance that it would be repaid,




the school advanced enough money to keep the Health Center going.

Other medical schools seem willing to run this sort of risk. About half of those in the country have participated in developing proposals for OEO funds, recognizing that comprehensive health programs not only do a great deal for the poor but also do something for doctors in training.

THERE IS a widespread opinion in medical-education circles these days that the carefully selected cases seen by students in teaching hospitals are hardly typical of the spectrum of ills afflicting America. "Only in the community can a more random selection of health problems be found and early stages of illness studied and cared for . . . ," wrote Robert J. Haggerty, professor of pediatrics at the University of Rochester, in the January issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine*. "To achieve this goal of a realistic setting, a defined and known population is needed—a parish for which a clinical department or a university can be responsible, to know who its patients are and who does not now receive adequate care."

It is to be expected, of course, that not everyone shares the high-minded outlook of a medical academician like Haggerty, and indeed much discussion of the OEO program within the health profession has been couched in terms of whose ox is being gored. The pharmacists are often worried about competition, and at the recent AMA-sponsored National Conference on Health Care for the Poor, for example, there was concern for preserving the right of the underprivileged to "free choice of physician"—despite the fact that this choice is largely fictional. At the same conference, AMA President Milford Rouse cautioned the participants not to overlook the thousand health-care programs currently administered by 175 public and private agencies, and in effect warned OEO not to try to become the 176th—a warning hardly called for in light of the poverty agency's record of attempting to fill vacuums rather than engage in competition with existing health services.

Nonetheless, things are taking shape. President Johnson has recommended that $60 million of the OEO budget be spent on Neighborhood Health Centers. The goal is to have fifty centers going by the end of this year. Even this amount would be capable of helping only a small fraction of the poor—and the poor are not the only Americans whose health care could stand improvement. (In order to meet the needs of the poor alone, it is estimated that 850 health centers throughout the country would be needed.) Supporters of OEO are confident, however, that no matter how many centers are established, their numbers are less important than the chain reaction this social experiment will set off.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# Syracuse: What Happens When the Poor Take Over

LAWRENCE DAVIS

SYRACUSE

THE GRAY STONE BUILDING at 130 West Genesee Street is locked and vacant now. The bronze plaque on the archway pillar still says the structure houses Crusade for Opportunity, Inc., the Syracuse anti-poverty agency, but all that is left inside is debris and a box jammed full of disconnected telephones waiting to be carted away. The organization itself collapsed last fall when the Office of Economic Opportunity cut off Federal funds. At issue was the controversial "maximum feasible participation" of the poor clause in the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964. In this city of 216,000, the OEO Community Action agency had maximized to the point where the representatives of the poor had control of the poverty program, and this situation in the end was responsible for its collapse.

More than five months after OEO funds were cut off from the Crusade for Opportunity last October 2, many Community Action activities in Syracuse are still shut down or crippled. The most notable losses are the special programs and the Neighborhood Centers, which were the heart of the Syracuse Crusade. Activities of the Neighborhood Centers included preschool, teen-age, and employment programs, community-development training, and tutoring. The special programs were mostly summer activities and had been completed before funds were stopped, as had Head Start. The Neighborhood Youth Corps, which recruits, trains, and places youths still in school and dropouts, receives some money from the Department of Labor; but without OEO funds and the recruiting opportunities provided by the Neighborhood Centers, it is now mainly a holding action.

Although other programs such as Manpower Training and Development continue to operate with Labor Department funds, they do not have the closeness and immediacy of the Crusade's Neighborhood Centers, especially for slum youths, many of whom are now back on the streets.

### The Roots of Dissension

Even worse than the loss of anti-poverty programs, however, is the atmosphere of hatred and class antagonism that has settled over the city. Some of the origins of that condition—and of the present impasse—date from early in 1965, when Saul Alinsky, the professional organizer of the poor, came to Syracuse.

Alinsky was hired as a part-time consultant and lecturer by Syracuse University, which had received a

Federal grant of $314,000 to set up a pilot program on ways to involve slum residents more actively in the war on poverty. With Alinsky "consulting" from the sidelines and an Alinsky associate in charge of sixteen field organizers, the university's Community Action Training Center (CATC) soon mobilized some two thousand of the poor in small neighborhood groups to agitate for better housing and welfare conditions and to register voters. The Alinsky tactic of "rubbing raw the sores of discontent" succeeded in shaking some of the poor out of their apathy, but it also outraged Mayor William F. Walsh, who called it "dangerous social experimentation." Moreover, most of the new voters registered as Democrats, and Walsh, a Republican, saw the activity as an assault on City Hall. Civic groups and the established welfare organizations enrolled in the OEO-approved Crusade for Opportunity also protested the experiment.

To extricate itself, the university subcontracted its organizing activities to a new Alinsky-style group, the Syracuse Community Development Association, whose zeal only deepened the controversy. At first OEO welcomed the growing participation of the poor. But as political pressure mounted (the June, 1965, U.S. Conference of Mayors considered a resolution accusing OEO of "fostering class struggle"), Washington decided not to renew the university's grant for the Community Development Association when it expired in November, 1965. It told the group to apply for OEO funds through the Crusade for Opportunity, an order that Alinsky likened to sending a Jew to a Nazi court. Alinsky moved on to other projects, but his well-schooled followers girded for their own version of the poverty war.

Although they had lost the first battle, the leaders of the Community Action Training Center and the Community Development Association had succeeded in making an impact on Syracuse, and the Crusade for Opportunity felt that it had to give the activist element some voice in the poverty program. A few CATC staff members moved to the Crusade staff, the most important being James A. Tillman, Jr., a Negro who had been associate director of CATC and previously executive director of the Greater Minneapolis Interfaith Housing Program. Knowing that many slum dwellers supported Tillman, the board of directors chose him in June, 1966, as the Crusade's executive director over twenty-eight other candidates. At that time the board was sure of its control over the Crusade. It would not have believed that in six months' time Tillman and other militants would be able to maneuver themselves into power.

### Upsetting the Balance

Like other Community Action agencies of the OEO, the Crusade was composed of three groups: representatives of local officialdom and established welfare agencies, the poor, and a middle group from churches, civic groups, and the community at large that often held the balance of pow-



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cr. Initially there was no limit on the size of the boards of directors or on the number of representatives allotted to each of the three groups. An amendment added in 1966 stipulated that at least one-third be representatives of the poor. This gave impetus to the "maximum feasible participation" guideline and when put in practice encouraged political infighting among the groups over how much and in which way the poor should participate. Instead of serving as a meeting ground where all segments of a community could work out the best ways to combat poverty, the agencies often antagonized City Hall and became instruments for dividing the community.

This general situation was in part responsible for passage of the Green Amendment last December. The amendment to the anti-poverty funds authorization bill was the price paid for big-city and Southern Democratic support of OEO. It required that a Community Action agency be either a part of the state or local government or a public or private agency designated by those governments. It limited the board of directors to fifty-one members and specified that one-third of the membership be public officials, at least one-third representatives of the poor, and the remainder representatives of business, labor, civic, and charitable groups. Thus what happened in Syracuse is not apt to be repeated.

The way the poor overplayed their hand here exemplifies the kind of tactics that led to the Green Amendment. At a meeting of the Crusade corporation to elect a new board of directors on January 25, 1967, representatives of the poor among the 171-member corporate body staged a well-organized power play, suspended the bylaws, and voted in 232 new members. This expanded group, which had the authority to overrule policy decisions of the board, then rejected the slate proposed by the nominating committee and elected a board favorable to activist tactics. In order to meet the OEO requirement that all segments of the community be represented on the board, about a third of the alternate slate was made up of institutional representatives to counterbalance an equal number of persons chosen by the neighborhood centers. However, in the final third—the community-at-large representatives—there were enough "action area" residents and sympathizers for the militants to proclaim that the poor had control. A militant, Norman D. Hill, was elected chairman of the board.

OEO officials were pleased with this example of the growing participation of the poor. In fact, a few weeks later the New York State Community Action Program Directors Association adopted as its basic statement of philosophy a paper written by Tillman in which he set forth what he believed constituted effective participation of the poor. Noting the requirement that at least one-third of the policymaking seats be reserved for their representatives, Tillman wrote, "Efforts to routinely and rationally increase the size of this base should be the continuing commitment of every Community Action Program." In Syracuse, that increase had already taken place.

SYRACUSE did not react as favorably as OEO did to the situation. Even before January 25, a Syracuse *Post-Standard* headline warned, "Poor Must Be Heard, But CFO Takeover is Unwise." In April, the Chamber of Commerce announced that it would not support the Pre-Employment Program because the Crusade was "operating in an aggressive and critical fashion toward the business community in the Greater Syracuse Area." And board members from the "regular" agencies such as the Community Chest complained that there was "duplication of programs and services" between their agencies and the slum projects initiated by the activists.

By April, dissension was also growing among many action-area residents. The Neighborhood People of Syracuse, a self-appointed organization created to oversee Crusade activities, accused the Crusade of "brainwashing the poor people it is supposed to be aiding." About the same time, Mrs. Arthur Shelton, president of the Syracuse NAACP, charged that the Crusade was adopting methods and distributing materials of "destructive training . . . geared to rioting . . . in preparation for war." For this statement and for her protest that the take-over had been illegal, she was called a "house nigger" by the militants. When she demanded that Tillman be fired "in the interests of the Negro community in particular and the total community in general," the 403-member corporate body gave the director a vote of confidence.

But support of the militants from the middle group was beginning to wane. Before long, many of these board members from the community at large joined with the institutional representatives who were charging mismanagement and misappropriation of funds and were questioning Crusade policy. When Board Chairman Hill tried to ride roughshod over these protests by holding only special meetings with a predetermined unchangeable agenda, some board members voiced their objections outside the Crusade. As a result, the still-loyal corporate body voted that nine of the dissidents "be investigated for publicly damaging the Crusade." Eight of the nine were subsequently suspended.

One of those suspended from the at-large group was the Reverend Emory C. Proctor, the Negro minister of a Methodist church in a slum area. He charged that he and the others were suspended because they wanted to investigate the operations of the Crusade staff. Although he originally supported the idea that the poor should control the Crusade, he opposed it when he saw that the leaders of the movement were "fostering Black Power, not in the sense of something helpful and uplifting, but as an instrument of destruction and division."

### The End of the Funds

Finally, last June 14, twenty-one of the thirty-six board members walked out of a meeting and followed their action with a signed resignation charging that the suspensions were illegal, that the agency was in a state of financial chaos, and that "for many months the Board of Directors of the Crusade for Opportunity has been prevented through the activities of Messrs. Hill and Tillman from exercising its trusteeship responsibilities." Twenty-two members finally resigned, leaving the Crusade with only two members who were not representatives of the



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poor. This was too much for OEO, which wrote Hill that unless board meetings were held at established intervals with open agendas and a full complement of representatives from all segments of the community, it would be unable to finance the Crusade after the fiscal year ending June 30, 1967. Hill gave written reassurances to the OEO but in practice showed no willingness to comply. Ignoring the fact that some of those who resigned were poverty-area spokesmen, Hill charged that "the representatives of certain institutions on our board . . . unable to kill us by other methods, have attempted to kill us by withdrawing."

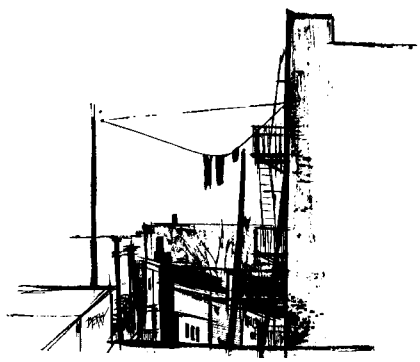
One of the institutional representatives who stayed on the board was Clifford C. Winters, dean of University College, the adult-education branch of Syracuse University. Winters had been sympathetic to the activist philosophy but became concerned about the prevailing practices. In a letter to Hill, he accused him of "purposely trying to break up the board . . . and force the Federal Office of Economic Opportunity to be unable to fund the Crusade." This indeed seemed to be the result, if not the intention. When Winters was asked why he thought Hill and others were doing this, he commented, "I don't want to second-guess their motives, but it was apparent they were committing organizational suicide." Some observers believe that this was being done deliberately to convince the Negro poor that the city, OEO, and the administration really had no intention of giving meaningful power to the poor.

As the impasse hardened, OEO officials arrived in Syracuse to "take soundings" on the controversy in the organization they had previously praised. The Crusade's books were audited, and expenditures amounting to $328,083 were questioned. OEO found that there had been "an almost cessation of orderly and timely accounting of . . . financial operations," that "employees' morale is low," and that there had been "numerous violations of grant conditions and OEO regulations."

OEO issued an ultimatum: unless the Crusade had a properly constituted board of directors by June 30, it would get no more money. When the deadline passed without compliance, OEO appointed a three-man trusteeship to oversee the activities of the Crusade—the only time such an action has ever been taken. Executive Director Tillman resigned with a victory-in-defeat statement (". . . I have no doubt that this year will be adjudged a watershed in terms of the initiation of social change designed to make it possible for the poor to become effective decision makers"), and Board Chairman Hill followed.

The trustees tried in vain to restore order to the sagging Crusade and responsibility to the remaining militant board members. Last October 2, after six hours of wrangling with OEO representatives, the board refused to delete the bylaw provision that gave veto power on policy to the unwieldy 403-member neighborhood-dominated corporate body. At the end of the meeting, OEO funds were withdrawn.

A few diehards tried to carry on by seeking new sources of money, but none could be found. At the same time, they continued to attempt to win their demands by the



Alinsky-style pressure tactics. A proposed Christmas boycott of local merchants was a dismal failure. Ernest L. Boston, executive director after Tillman's resignation (subsequently fired by the new board chairman), summed up the Crusade's chances of succeeding in four words: "They have no chance." As if to make that pronouncement final, the Green Amendment was adopted by Congress on December 11.

IN EIGHT MONTHS of contested control, the militants claiming to represent the poor of Syracuse had in effect killed the city's anti-poverty agency. But the death throes were not entirely over. The Crusade trustees incorporated to form the bluntly named Federal Grantees, Inc. (FGI), which eventually organized to meet the Green Amendment requirements. Its efforts to start a new anti-poverty program were hampered by the need to clear up the financial mess of the Crusade. Moreover, it too became embroiled in the same old fight with the militants. For example, an editorial in the Syracuse *Home Town News*, a militant Negro weekly, attacked FGI and the Green Amendment thus: "The Mayor of Syracuse controls the trustees, [and] can if he wishes to, play games with the destiny of the poor. He will pay in kind for it in the long run." Mayor Walsh's picture was run with the caption "Face of Our Enemy."

FGI decided to go out of business as soon as it paid $99,274 in debts of its predecessor. This decision has brought about yet another attempt to set up a poverty organization, this one called People's Equal Action and Community Effort (PEACE). Formed in late January, PEACE is organized in accordance with the Green Amendment, has the approval of Mayor Walsh, and expects to receive $330,000 from OEO, plus whatever is left over after FGI pays the Crusade's debts. For these very reasons, PEACE is opposed by the militants, so much so that one board member has been threatened both in person and by telephone.

The Syracuse situation will not easily be brought into harmony. The forces of division have indeed split the city into the two societies about which the Kerner Commission has warned. The spokesmen for the militants of the slums denounce all attempts to start a new OEO-backed program and are actively fostering discontent among the poor. Yet the lesson of Syracuse's brief rule by the poor has had some benefits. Many in the slums have learned that the only way progress can be made is through co-operation, with the voice of the poor heard but not overpowering the others. As Mrs. Shelton of the NAACP says, "The technique and idea of the Crusade were both out of proportion. The poor have been kept out of decision-making so long that they cannot step right in and be expected to make good decisions right away. The new idea is more practical."



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# Report from Khe Sanh

DENIS WARNER

DA NANG

At Marine headquarters in Da Nang hang a number of framed and boldly printed extracts from the writings and speeches of the leaders of the National Liberation Front and the Hanoi régime. Among them is the following: "The National Liberation Front will entice the Americans close to the North Vietnamese border and will bleed them without mercy. In South Vietnam the pacification program will be destroyed." It is signed by Nguyen Van Mai, NLF representative in Cambodia.

All of the quotations are relevant but none more brutally so than this. For the past two years along the Demilitarized Zone, the Marines have been drawn into bloody battles with North Vietnamese forces operating out of the border sanctuaries. The Americans came to search and destroy, and in principle to block invasion routes to the South. Though they lost heavily themselves, it was worth the effort, it seemed, because they took such a heavy toll of the enemy. Yet with every succeeding campaign the nature of the war here began to change. Contrary to the Marines' natural inclination and training, they became involved in positional warfare. They built frontier posts at Gio Linh, Con Thien, Khe Sanh, and lesser places along the McNamara Line, all of them within artillery range of the sanctuaries. And in the process they ceased to be the hunter and instead became the quarry.

In 1966 they chased the North Vietnamese 324B Division through the coastal lowlands and fought a series of blazing battles on and northwest of the Rockpile, a pyramidlike formation that stands sentinel over three valleys running south from the Demilitarized Zone and about midway across this narrow neck of South Vietnam. Last year the North Vietnamese 325C Division joined the fray and there were days of heavy fighting on Hills 881 North and 881 South around Khe Sanh. Later the Marines, with South Vietnamese support, swept into the southern part of the Demilitarized Zone to protect their newly installed frontier positions at Con Thien and Gio Linh, and Hanoi brought rockets and a whole new family of artillery to bear on these outposts.

For what they are worth, these posts remain today, and in early March were being supplied easily enough by heavily defended convoys. But the tide of the coming battle has swept past them. Perhaps one day it may be possible to remake something of the McNamara Line, of which they were an integral part, but for the time being it counts for little. Two Northern divisions have passed through it unmolested. The 324B Division, which was held north of Gio Linh and Con Thien before the Tet offensive, is now in the vicinity of the provincial capital of Hué, more than fifty miles to the south. A fresh division, the 320th, holds the line of hills north of Route 9 overlooking the Marines' all-important artillery platform at Camp Carroll.

To the west, the 304th Division, which led the triumphal march into Hanoi in October, 1954, with its Dien Bien Phu battle flags flying, has joined the 325C Division in the investment of the entrenched Khe Sanh camp; and the 308th, which earned for itself the reputation of being the "Iron Division" of the Indo-China War, is also reported moving south, no doubt to reinforce the main thrust wherever it may come.

### A New Assessment

With the increased enemy strength there has also been a predictable improvement in weaponry. A booster has increased the range of the 122-millimeter rocket to 17,000 meters —over ten miles. The artillery, some of it dug into the hillsides in Laos and in the northern part of the Demilitarized Zone, ranges from 100-millimeter to 152-millimeter, thus outdistancing Khe Sanh's own guns and those which can fire in its support.

For their successful onslaught on the Lang Vei Special Forces camp west of Khe Sanh, the North Viet-



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namese used a light and not very effective tank. At that time intelligence put a ceiling of a couple of dozen on the number of tanks the North Vietnamese might be able to field. Both this figure and the weight of available tanks have been heavily upgraded. Two new anti-tank and anti-blockhouse weapons, the RPG-7 (Rocket Propelled Grenade) and RPG-2, have been added to the list. Both are light, portable, formidable, and available at the rate of seventeen to a company. The RPG-7 can knock out the heaviest tank at a range of 900 meters and penetrate five feet of sandbags. The RPG-2 has only about a third of this range and striking power but is as easily carried as a sniper's rifle.

The activity has not been all on one side, of course. The Marines have thirteen maneuver battalions deployed south of the Demilitarized Zone between Khe Sanh and the mouth of the Cua Viet River. With some Marine assistance, the South Vietnamese 1st Division watches the coastal strip north from Cua Viet to the border, and the U.S. 1st Cavalry (Airmobile) Division has moved forward into general reserve, with its headquarters at Quang Tri. In all, there are now nearly fifty allied battalions in the I Corps Area, compared with eighteen battalions this time two years ago. Substantially more than half are in the DMZ tactical zone.

YET THE INITIATIVE is still strongly in the hands of North Vietnam's General Vo Nguyen Giap, and the countryside is his to command. On the basis of the Saigon experience, I was inclined to believe initially that the lunar new year attacks on the cities were an error. Central Vietnam has changed my view. True, all the provincial capitals resisted the North Vietnamese and Vietcong attacks with courage. The South Vietnamese fought well under extremely difficult conditions, and, except in Hué, both the indigenous forces and the North Vietnamese failed to make full use of their great advantage of surprise. In Quang Tri the population was so pleased with the South Vietnamese soldiers' initial success that they showered them with flowers. At Tam Ky and Quang Ngai, where the attacking forces were mostly indigenous Vietcong, the government troops could legitimately claim victory. Nevertheless, everywhere fear of the next wave of attacks has immobilized efforts to regain the lost countryside. Except for the static posts, around which limited search-and-destroy operations are continuing, both the Americans and the Vietnamese have become anchored to the cities, paralyzed by what a cynical American in Da Nang calls "the Daily Doom Report."

Eight years ago the foreign-languages publishing house in Hanoi published an English version of Truong Chinh's *The Resistance Will Win*. In this book he set out explicitly what ought to be done in a general counteroffensive and the consequences that might be expected to flow from his recommended course of action. "Our troops concentrate rapidly and actively launch planned lightning attacks on the cities and the enemy positions to encircle and annihilate them," he wrote. "We throw all our forces throughout the country into battle. . . . The machinery of enemy rule temporarily set up is smashed to pieces. And at the bottom of the scrap heap of that machinery lie the rotten corpses of the puppet traitors." He predicted that after the initial attack the enemy would surrender many positions and withdraw to entrench himself in the cities.

Since Truong Chinh is a top-ranking member of the Politburo, a principal theorist of the Hanoi régime, and the author of the bloody 1956 land-reform campaign, we can scarcely claim that we were not forewarned. Most certainly we were not forearmed. The situation in the two northern provinces of Quang Tri and Thua Thien can only be described as critical. Hué is a shattering, heartbreaking example of what may easily happen elsewhere. And Khe Sanh, glorious though its defense will undoubtedly be if Giap launches the expected all-out attack, is a reminder that generals ought to read what they hang on their walls.

### The Rubble of Hué

Hué has been raped and broken and lacks the incentive and the leadership to restore itself to health. Of all the cities in Vietnam it used to be the most gracious, the most charming, the most Vietnamese. It did not go over to the Vietcong or to the Northerners who came with coalition flags as "liberators." Those who emerged from the infrastructure to point the finger at loyal government servants, at American officials, and at innocent volunteer workers of several nationalities came from no specific or identifiable group. Although university students and militant Buddhists were among them, many of the most militant spurned the overtures and pressures to ally themselves with the Front. Others, forced at gun point to carry wounded to the hills, fled at the first opportunity. Hué looked at the Vietcong and detested what it saw.

I came from Phu Bai by military convoy a day or two after the battle for the Citadel had ended and walked the streets in search of missing friends. The road from Phu Bai passes close to a large Catholic church run by the Redemptorist Fathers. Here I found the shaken brother of a close Vietnamese friend. He had been sought by the Vietcong for his loyalty as an official, and the refugees, Buddhist and Catholic, who flocked to the church all closed their ranks around him. Others were less fortunate. Many were taken to die by the executioner's bullet and to be thrown into one of the mass graves that the Vietcong had prepared on the outskirts of the town for what Truong Chinh called "the rotten corpses of the puppet traitors." The bodies of two men I knew hung for days from the sign over the Esso station at the entrance to the city. Many were reported to have been seen in Vietcong custody. Others have vanished into unknown graves under the rubble, or float with the other bodies still fouling the canals.

A forward artillery observer work-


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ing with the hard-pressed 4th Battalion of the 2nd South Vietnamese Regiment at the Citadel on February 5 was ordered by the company commander to bring down fire on his home and his family sheltering inside it. "I watched him give the fire orders with tears streaming down his face," an Australian adviser with the battalion told me. "Two days later he was killed in a North Vietnamese counterattack. I saw him with a hole in his back and two other wounds. I daresay he was glad to die."

The handful of wanted men who escaped from the Vietcong tell of kindness and help from the peasants, even in rural areas controlled by enemy forces. After hiding for three days in a culvert, for instance, one American was forced by thirst to look for water. The peasant who gave it to him directed him away from the Vietcong and to safety, though he risked his own life by his act.

WHETHER the firepower used to free the city from the Vietcong was excessive or avoidable is a matter for argument. There is no argument that it helped to batter Hué to pieces and to complete the demoralization that the Vietcong had begun. Nor is there any doubt that though the government soldiers and the Marines liberated the city, they also looted it. One hero of the battle was the French manager of the local power station. He worked round the clock to keep the plant going and to ensure that somehow the lines were maintained to where the power was needed most—in the hospitals. For safety he sent his Vietnamese wife and children to a refugee camp. In their absence, the South Vietnamese, the Marines, or both looted his home. Rarely was the looting just a case of petty pilfering, such as a blanket to keep out the cold. Air conditioners, radios, refrigerators, furniture, money, bedding—all went. Nothing, it seemed, was too big or too small to be stuffed into a truck and driven away.

With their homes and many of their possessions went the spirit of the Hué people. Though the hospitals were crowded with dying wounded, the doctors stayed in hiding. So did Colonel Khoa, the province chief, who emerged to find the city and provincial records all deliberately destroyed by the Vietcong and what remained of his administration stricken with fear at what might happen to them if the Vietcong returned. Since the best part of an enemy division remains in the environs and fighting goes on less than a mile from the city center, the fears are understandable but disastrous.

At a refugee camp a Vietnamese priest pleaded with me to help find food. "We have had no rice for three days," he said. "The officials do nothing. Nothing." Not all the fault is official, however. Denied the chance to establish their revolutionary government in Hué, the Vietcong by road and river ambush are fighting to cut off the city from all outside supply.

Handicapped by the murder or capture of all but three members of the records team, the Americans have only one senior official with any detailed knowledge of the city and its functions. His name is Bob Kelly. Posted from Hué to Da Nang just before Tet, he returned with drive, dedication, and utter fearlessness to start the city moving again. He got American doctors for the hospitals and food for the hungry. To try to restore some confidence, he moved himself and his new civilian team out of the well-guarded MAC-V compound into the old records offices, one of the few undamaged buildings. "If the Vietcong want to take us they've got a fight on their hands," he said. "There are fourteen of us with guns, and we will use them. Whatever we do we must bring this city to life."

Whether Kelly will have a chance depends at least in part on the outcome of the battles now shaping up outside the city where enemy forces have been heavily reinforced by fresh troops from the DMZ and even from Khe Sanh. President Johnson, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and General William C. Westmoreland have all helped to nail the flag on the Khe Sanh masthead. Heaven help Hué, and much else besides, if it is torn down by enemy action.

### In Defense of What?

I flew to Khe Sanh aboard a C-123 on Sunday, February 25, almost fourteen years to the day after I had made a similar pre-battle visit to Dien Bien Phu. I spent only about six hours on the ground there, long enough to gain some very strong general impressions but far too brief a period, of course, to claim expertise about the defenses. At the same time, I went fully conditioned against the Dien Bien Phu analogy. Some of the fundamental differences between the two situations were so great as to make any such comparison unwarranted, I felt. After all, Dien Bien Phu was separated by 137 miles of hostile territory from the main French base in the Red River Delta, whereas Khe Sanh is only a shellshot away from the Rockpile and Camp Carroll, where 175-millimeter guns provide supporting fire. The French lacked significant air support, whereas with clearing skies and radar the Marine garrison and their Vietnamese comrades-in-arms are promised full support at any hour of the day or night. The French reserves were all but exhausted when the battle for Dien Bien Phu began. Given the political priorities that have now so incautiously been bestowed on Khe Sanh, General Westmoreland would conceivably weaken almost any other position except Saigon to ensure its defense.

Yet neither strategically nor tactically, it seems to me, is Khe Sanh indispensable. For several years the Special Forces camp at Lang Vei between Khe Sanh and the Laotian border provided a very useful intelligence base. Montagnards trained for the task sat along the Ho Chi Minh Trail and listed what they saw, an undertaking that did not escape the attention of the North Vietnamese, who decided that the camp should be liquidated. From these small beginnings the Khe Sanh garrison grew. When the 325C Division from Laos moved to the attack last year, the Marines reinforced a caretaker company that had sat out the wet season on the plateau where the main position now stands and fought grimly for Hills 881 North and 881 South. Thereafter, to hold what they had in the face of a constantly increasing threat called for heavier reinforcement, and today the 26th Marine Regiment, one battalion of the 9th Marines, and a Vietnamese Ranger battalion man the fort. With the Special Forces camp overrun and long-range patrols abandoned, they do no more than that.



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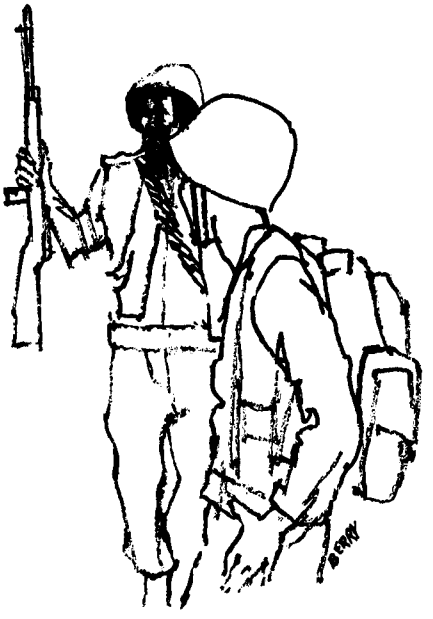
Official claims that the garrison bars the gateway to full-scale invasion of the South through Laos are demonstrably exaggerated. If the 324B Division could march south over the coastal lowlands, cross the Demilitarized Zone and the McNamara Line without detection, and move on toward the provincial capitals of Quang Tri and Hué, other divisions from the North would surely have little difficulty in making their way almost anywhere along the tracks through the unpoliced mountains. Moreover, having invested Khe Sanh, it is not beyond the capabilities of General Giap to detach either the 304th Division or the 325C and to make a feint through the Ba Long Valley toward Quang Tri, just as he used substantial decoy forces to feint toward Luang Prabang while continuing his Dien Bien Phu buildup in 1954.

Like Dien Bien Phu, Khe Sanh as it exists today is a product of inadvertence and military frustration, of the urge to fight a set-piece battle, of dangerous underestimation of enemy capabilities, and of political imprudence. It is of peripheral military importance, especially now that Lang Vei has fallen, and of contrived political significance.

To win a battle here would be useful and welcome, but how in these circumstances does one measure victory? To lose would be a relatively minor military reverse but a psychological and political disaster. Yet, as at Dien Bien Phu, to fight or not to fight are options that Giap alone possesses. And despite all resistance to the Dien Bien Phu analogy, the similarities proclaim themselves from every green enemy-held hill overlooking the camp and every inadequately prepared trench and bunker. In some important ways, not all of which for security reasons it is proper to discuss, Khe Sanh is, in my view, in an even worse position than Dien Bien Phu. It may well be held, or never attacked other than to bleed the Marines without mercy. But to risk so much for so little is to play Russian roulette and to weaken areas that matter much more for the successful prosecution of the war.

My visit to Khe Sanh coincided with a day of comparative enemy tranquillity. Two or three days before, the main encampment, which is roughly two miles long and perhaps a mile wide, had been hit by 1,300 rounds of mixed mortar and artillery fire, while the tally for February 25 was only 350 rounds. It was, nevertheless, a useful introduction to the camp and its problems.

Because of the direction of the wind, we made a westerly approach that brought us over the enemy infantry positions at the end of the field. They marked the occasion with rifle and machine-gun fire. Safely down, we did not come to rest but spilled the few passengers and our



cargo of artillery nose cones on the surface of the strip while the plane was still moving. An artillery piece that had received a direct hit was blazing on the edge of the strip, perhaps fifty yards from the plane. Next to it a dump of anti-tank mines was alight. It exploded ten minutes later. A sprinkling of incoming shells added piquancy to the scene.

The point about this story is that this experience was not the exception but the norm. No plane or helicopter can land at Khe Sanh now without running the risk of destruction by enemy mortar fire. At this stage of the action, that is real cause for concern. The anti-aircraft guns that played such a significant role at Dien Bien Phu have not shown themselves yet. But if artillery, rockets, and mortars can be fired freely, it would be singularly incautious not to expect anti-aircraft guns to play a role. The probability is that the airfield can be denied to the garrison and that the C-130s, some of whose supply drops have already been falling beyond the wire in enemy areas, will find their task infinitely more hazardous and difficult.

Care of the wounded within Khe Sanh and medical evacuation pose grave problems. It is an open secret that few of the bunkers are secure against shellfire. With the "bleeding"-type operations now being conducted by the enemy, the hospital might do well enough for a week or so. But it was not built to care for the numbers of wounded that would result from a major protracted attack. "Dig a foot a day" is the order. It is more honored in the breach than in the observance. One looks in vain for the communication trenches.

Repeated secondary explosions follow almost every B-52 attack, but the two North Vietnamese divisions have nevertheless succeeded in moving sizable forces close to the wire. As at Dien Bien Phu, they are digging their way in, zigzagging their way across the plateau. I watched bombs and napalm being used to destroy them, but since the trenches were empty, it is difficult to assess the effect, if any. One lesson of positional warfare is that the best means of denying trenches to the enemy, especially empty trenches, is to occupy them with men. As ever, these magnificent assault troops are more than willing to go, but they are restrained, some of the relatively senior officers in Khe Sanh believe, by orders from Saigon. Though this is denied at higher headquarters, the restraint curiously seems to apply even to extensive patrolling within the few hundred yards (or even less) of ground that separate the two forces.

"When you know where the enemy is, you don't need to patrol," a senior officer at a higher headquarters said when I subsequently followed up my inquiries about the lack of patrolling at Khe Sanh. No doubt the officer has specific reasons for this interesting new theory of positional warfare, but they are not readily apparent at Khe Sanh, where the enemy embrace is so tight as to reduce appreciably the effective use



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of the heaviest defense equipment, including the B-52s and 175s. Indeed, the official confidence that the garrison will be secure within a few days, if and when Giap launches his assault, is a clear indication that the course of the battle will differ fundamentally from Dien Bien Phu, where the French Union forces fought alone without hope of relief and with inadequate reinforcement from outside.

**Waiting for Giap**

For about twelve miles to the east of Khe Sanh, Route 9 follows the course of the tumbling Cua Viet River. The green and steep mountains rise sharply on either side of the road. The bridges have been blown up. Though there are occasional peasant cottages on the edges of the small and vividly green patches of rice, the people seem to have fled, as well they might, for if a relief column is ever to march overland on Khe Sanh, this is the way it must come.

This is not to suggest that General Westmoreland has no alternatives. Helicopter-borne operations offer many options, and Giap will be hard pressed to anticipate them all. Even the possibility of a left hook into Laos to interdict the Northerners' lines of communication at Tchepone, or a right hook to Vinh, has had semi-public discussion. The first proposition has strong support in Saigon, both American and Vietnamese, and strong opposition in Vientiane, both American and Laotian. The second would be a more serious escalatory act, for which Hanoi says it is prepared. General Douglas MacArthur's success in relieving the pressure on Taegu and the Naktong River Line in the fall of 1950 has not been forgotten by military commanders here, many of whom fought in Korea. The availability of forces within the time scale set by Giap is the crux of this issue. The question is not what can be done in the indefinite future, but rather to anticipate Giap's immediate intentions. Officials give credence to an intelligence report that Hanoi has promised five additional North Vietnamese divisions for all of South Vietnam during the next phase of the offensive. Since tanks have now made their appearance on the Cambodian

border, it is not inconceivable that another North Vietnamese division may turn up here, thus exacerbating Saigon's defense problems and inhibiting General Westmoreland in the commitment of his reserves.

The consensus is that Giap's attack on Khe Sanh, if it eventuates, will be accompanied by an attack on the artillery platform at Camp Carroll. The main body of his 320th Division is north of Route 9, some 4,000 meters from Camp Carroll. But its outposts are very much closer. Increasingly, its mortar and artillery attacks are seeking specific targets, such as gun positions and fuel and ammunition dumps.

Camp Carroll is not the only possible target, however. A major new buildup around Hué aroused fears in early March that for political reasons this city, rather than Khe Sanh, might be the first target for Giap's renewed offensive. Every position in the tactical zone is to some extent vulnerable. I flew from Khe Sanh to Dong Ha, the Marines' divisional headquarters, toward sundown. The night was peaceful, but at eight o'clock sharp the following morning the enemy forces bombarded the encampment with 140-millimeter rockets, returning to the attack every hour and sometimes every half hour, until late in the day. The attacks came from both north and south and were accompanied by occasional sniping rifle fire from the surrounding paddy fields. In midafternoon an "orange" alert, meaning the possibility of ground attack, was sounded.

And so all along the line the watching and waiting continue. Every new day of clearing skies diminishes Giap's prospects of victory at Khe Sanh. Whether he has held his hand because he is not yet ready, or has been too badly hurt, or is waiting to kick off on March 13 in emulation of the anniversary of the battle for Dien Bien Phu, no one can be sure at this writing.

It is also open to question whether the allies have taken full heed of the lessons to be learned from the first round of the enemy's counteroffensive. A Marine investigation into the looting of Hué has begun. No doubt it will arrive in due course at some worthwhile conclusions. What needs to be made clear now is that discipline and martial law will be rigidly enforced, whatever the nationality and rank of the offending parties. If to loot is also to run the demonstrable risk of summary execution, other cities may escape what happened in Hué.

Hué itself is crying out for leadership, which, in the opinion of many in the city, can be provided only by General Nguyen Chanh Thi, who sits idly in exile in Washington, his offer to serve rejected by Saigon. Thi is tough and ruthless, but he is also effective and respected. "If only Thi had been here, things would have been different," I was told in Hué. This is perhaps to exaggerate the general's power and perception. Yet the morale of Colonel Khoa, the Thua Thien Province chief, is only marginally better than that of his shattered administration, and no one else offers himself. As special commissioner for the rehabilitation and defense of Hué, Thi could be the man the situation so urgently needs.

Again, a repetition of the sort of street fighting that took place in Hué could level Da Nang or even Saigon, and there is no lack of evidence that this is precisely what Hanoi hopes for and intends in the expectation that it will sharpen what it sees as serious contradictions between the Americans and the Vietnamese. "It is essential for us to drive a wedge between the United States and their puppets," says a post-offensive directive from Hanoi to the Front. Yet urgent precautionary measures, such as the organization of street and district home guards, which many of the people are themselves clamoring for, are hanging fire. We have not made the most of the time given to us in the comparative lull of the past weeks.



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# NATO
# And the Pax Atomica

CLAIRE STERLING

BRUSSELS

IN A LITTLE MORE than a year the North Atlantic Treaty Organization will have lived out the twenty years of its initial contract, and it looks now as if none of the fifteen member states, not even France, will withdraw when the time is up. So NATO, supposed to have been on its last legs long ago, will doubtless be with us through the 1970's.

A great deal of NATO's underpinning has crumbled during the past twelve months in particular. France's five divisions and air force have been detached from its integrated military command, and NATO's own headquarters and installations removed from French soil. Its southern flank, once safe under the U.S. Sixth Fleet's protection, has suddenly come within close range of an imposing Soviet fleet cruising permanently in Mediterranean waters. Soviet influence has leaped upward on the Mediterranean's eastern and southern shores. The United States has noticeably shifted its attention and priorities from NATO and Europe to Vietnam and Asia, so much so that President Johnson did not even mention the European continent in his last State of the Union message.

This shift of attention has, of course, been accentuated by Britain's decision under financial stress to renounce all military commitments East of Suez, leaving the United States alone to maintain the balance of international power from the Red Sea to the Pacific Ocean. The United States, also under financial strain, has decided to reduce its external payments deficit largely at Europe's expense, and in particular to save about half a billion dollars yearly in overseas military expenditure, mostly in Europe. At least fifty thousand American, British, French, and Belgian troops have been scheduled to leave West Germany this year.

It was during these same twelve months that NATO went through a lengthy self-examination, known as the Harmel Exercise, to brace itself for the incoming decade. The Harmel Report, approved at the December Council of Ministers meeting, wasn't altogether the flop it was said to be. It committed the alliance to active pursuit of détente in Europe, a one-sided game so long as the Russians aren't playing, but popular among Western Europeans all the same. It involved France in a long-term political engagement to NATO when all hope for that seemed lost. And it introduced NATO's first important change in strategic thinking since 1956. Yet the new strategy of flexible nuclear response creates more problems than it solves, and the most tormenting of NATO's other problems were fudged in the report or left out.

Not a word was said, because no agreement was possible, about the growing inadequacy of NATO's military forces as a convincing deterrent —a situation worsened by the shift to a strategy relying much more heavily on conventional ground forces that NATO doesn't have and couldn't conceivably muster. Also, the French withdrawal has cut the alliance territorially in two, necessitating monthly petitions by the allies for permission to fly over France. Ground transit via France, say for Italian troops moving north and circumventing neutral Switzerland and Austria, is flatly refused. Nothing was proposed to counter the accelerated encirclement of NATO's territory, militarily and politically, by growing Soviet power. Nor was there a hint of the quarrels dividing our European allies, of their deteriorating relations with the United States, or of their rising suspicions that we are gradually disengaging from Europe.

There was a time when seven thousand tactical nuclear warheads in Western Europe, backed by America's entire thermonuclear arsenal, would have been a formidable deterrent. But that was before Russia acquired an equal ability to devastate Europe and, for that matter, America. Inasmuch as nobody has really believed since then that Russia and the United States would deliberately destroy themselves by actually using these weapons against each other, NATO's stockpile can only deter the kind of war in Europe that nobody believes is going to happen. There remains the other kind of war, however, which before Vietnam nobody thought could happen in the atomic age either. Under several imaginable if still distant circumstances, the nuclear stalemate would not necessarily prevent a conventional military incursion into some part of Western Europe and might even invite one, because NATO so plainly couldn't stop it. In short, the alliance is likely to prove adequate only as long as it is not put to the test.

### Back to Normal

It is not certain, for all the fright talk in some circles, that Russian hordes could overrun the Continent in a day. They might need a week. This in no way reflects on the valor or competence of NATO's military command—it can't make bricks without straw. The force goals it has set as the minimum needed for Western Europe's defense have never been met: troop levels are presently about twenty-five per cent below the minimum, and dropping.

Some NATO officers have pointed out to me, not without some embarrassment, that the allies' combined armed forces, including ours at home and in the Far East, outnumber the Warsaw Pact's. But in terms of actual ability to produce these troops, the comparison in fact comes out like this: NATO's European command has twenty-four divisions in West Germany, thirty-two elsewhere in Europe, and thirty more in reserve on the Continent. The Soviet Union, with a standing army of 140 divisions, has twenty in East Germany alongside six of the German Democratic Republic's, six more in other Eastern European states, and forty-four others in a position to reach the German front within a month, while its partners in the Warsaw Pact have an additional sixty-three. There are differences in



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combat-readiness, size, and equipment: the Red Army's divisions are about a third smaller than NATO's, for instance, but roughly equal in conventional firepower. All in all, however, NATO would need six more divisions in West Germany for an adequate defense against limited conventional attack, and thirty-four more in the event of all-out invasion. Instead, fifty thousand NATO troops are about to *leave* West Germany. The strategy of massive retaliation that the Council discarded meant using the largest available strategic nuclear weapons as soon as possible. The strategy of flexible response adopted by the Council means using the smallest available tactical nuclear weapons as late as possible. In the first case, conventional ground forces would simply have to hold the line against an attack for a day or two, if that, whereupon an atomic holocaust would settle the matter one way or another. In the second case, these forces would have to hold for weeks or more, while international statesmen pondered the holocaust's pros and cons.

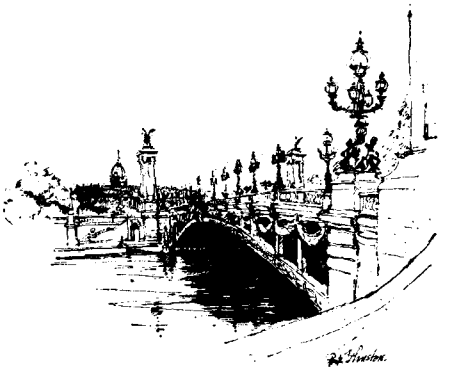
The change, first proposed by Secretary McNamara in 1962, is sensible in several ways. In the early 1950's, our European allies' worst fear was that the United States might use its nuclear weapons at the first sound of a shot. In the late 1960's, the fear is that we might be all too visibly unwilling to use them at all.

The theory of flexible response at least makes NATO's deterrent more plausible. It concedes what everybody knows by now: that the United States would not jump in with Polaris missiles and a massive nuclear air strike upon the outbreak of any military skirmish in Europe. It implies, on the other hand, that not even a minor skirmish could be undertaken with impunity. For after a deliberate pause, giving the Hot Line time to work and the allies a chance to consult, tactical nuclear weapons are supposed to come into play in carefully graduated stages, after each of which the whole thing could still be called off before reaching the stage of mutual suicide.

There may be an element of macabre irony in the idea of drawing up new ground rules so that war can become a normal human occupation again. But the Russians evidently take that for granted already. According to Britain's respected Institute for Strategic Studies, the Soviet Army's military doctrines "still envisage a major offensive role for it in future war and accordingly emphasize training for large-scale advance at high speed. Infantry formations contain covered Armoured Personnel Carriers which would enable them to advance across radioactive terrain. But in the past year or two, increasing emphasis has been given to preparing the Soviet theatre forces in both a conventional and a nuclear environment."

### The Hollow Deterrent

Yet there are obvious flaws in NATO's new strategy, the biggest being that without a major buildup in conventional forces it cannot work. Safe in the knowledge that they would have days or weeks to move with no atomic risk and comparatively little opposition, the Russians might logically be tempted to try—or more characteristically, get some tractable friends of theirs to try—a probe here or there, say in troubled Greece,



or remote Norway, or isolated West Berlin, defended merely by a handful of NATO brigades, whereupon they could offer to negotiate. It is most unlikely that our European allies (or we ourselves) would then prefer to dislodge them by employing even our small "tac-nukes"—to use the going term here—similar in destructive power to the bombs we dropped on Japan.

The West Germans, first in line for occupation or devastation, are sending out cries of anguish. "NATO . . . after living in a sort of strategic twilight . . . can no longer be said to have a strategy," the distinguished German military commentator Adalbert Weinstein has said. "The acceptance of the flexible-response doctrine has been celebrated with a certain pathos as a spiritual victory over the atomic age. It was even right to do so. . . . But this planning concept presupposes something the West will never be able to attain: a modern army in being which actually deters. It is simply not true that the conventional Atlantic land forces we now possess constitute a deterrent factor. Without immediate nuclear cover, the western units are neither an element of deterrence nor an effective fighting force."

All NATO countries tie their defense budgets to a fixed percentage of their gross national products, which tend to rise by three or four per cent annually. But the cost of sophisticated conventional weapons systems is rising much faster than that, while atomic weapons are getting cheaper every year. In the last three years alone, the expense of equipping a conventional armored regiment has doubled, of an artillery regiment tripled, and of an infantry battalion sextupled. Furthermore, such complex weaponry requires more and costlier training. Bound by politically immovable budget ceilings, most NATO states will therefore be unable to maintain their present across-the-board capability much longer. All but Greece, Turkey, and the United States have already reduced their military service periods to eighteen or fifteen months, and even to twelve in the case of Belgium, Norway, and Denmark. Several are also cutting the size of their ground forces, notably France and Belgium, the latter by a third (though the Belgians say this reduction will increase their efficiency).

IT IS NO WONDER, then, that NATO should be eager for a détente, especially in the form of balanced mutual force reductions and partial disarmament. Such proposals are getting nowhere so far, partly because the Soviet Union wouldn't care to be accused of releasing U.S. forces and equipment for Vietnam, and partly because NATO is sure to make the reductions unilaterally anyway. Should the Soviets change their minds some day, however, their side would be well ahead. No Warsaw



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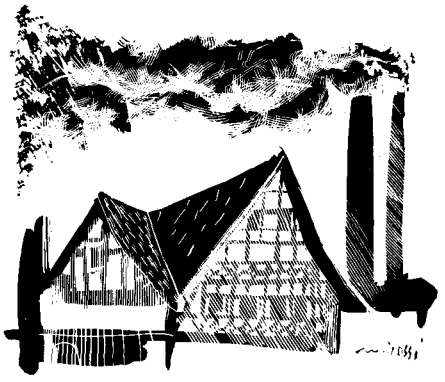
Pact country except Romania has reduced its minimum two-year period of compulsory military service or the size of its forces, and a number have raised their defense budgets substantially for 1968: the Soviet Union by nearly fifteen per cent, Poland by ten per cent, Hungary by eight per cent, East Germany by sixty-one per cent.

Of course our own $20-billion defense increase puts these others in the shade. The American buildup is not for Europe, however, but for Vietnam. Actually, the United States will be redeploying 35,000 troops and a hundred strike aircraft from West Germany this year, to be kept at home on a rotating basis; and if Senator Mike Mansfield has his way, we will soon reduce our remaining 200,000 troops on the Continent to a symbolic two divisions. What they would be supposed to symbolize is obscure. No European would see them as granite assurance of an unbreakable American commitment. Many would take the drastic reduction as final proof that the flexible-response strategy is an American plot to keep our boys safely on the sidelines in a conflict until the Europeans have fought to the last man. Even our most trusting friends would be bound to conclude that the United States no longer has the strength of purpose to back up its political stand in Europe by military means if necessary. NATO would then have lost the last of its deterrent credibility, and the United States, as *Die Welt* observes, would have swept away the achievements of twenty years.

### Shifting the Burden

What with Vietnam, our lonely vigil East of Suez, our balance of payments, and ample evidence that Western Europe loves us less than it used to, some Senators may forget the magnitude of these achievements: the fact that Russia has not gained an inch of territory in Europe since NATO was formed; that West Germany's military potential has been safely interlocked with NATO's; and that the continent whose security is synonymous with America's has been insulated against war for two decades. In dozens of talks with representatives of NATO countries here, I found many despondent about the future of this aging alliance but none, the French included, who would like to face the future without it.

If Senator Mansfield is not to get his way, however, President Johnson will have to talk Europe into yet another of those accommodating financial arrangements that the Senator dismisses as some incompetent's "bright idea." The latest of these bright ideas in 1966 brought the United States $675 million in West Germany's purchases of unneeded American military hardware, offsetting practically all the foreign-exchange cost of maintaining U.S. troops there, large advance payments in cash for material not yet delivered, some $500 million in U.S.



Treasury bonds acquired by the German Bundesbank, a promise not to convert German dollar reserves into gold, and the redeployment of 35,000 U.S. troops. Anybody else in Senator Mansfield's position might be pleased to have thought that one up himself.

Yet there is supposedly a limit to what even the Germans can stand, desperately as they want our military presence. Between 1958 and 1964 they spent $3.5 billion for American arms, which are coming out of their ears. The 1966-1967 agreement was made on top of that; and now, with a net American deficit of $650 million for military expenditure in Europe, we are asking for more. The saturated Bundeswehr couldn't digest another U.S.-made rocket, and the Bonn government says there can be no "dipping into the cashbox again" for still more and longer-term U.S. bonds. No other European central bank would be overjoyed to buy additional chunks of these bonds either, nor would the rest of NATO like to buy an even bigger proportion of its armament from the United States.

While Americans have long resented the failure of a now prosperous Europe to shoulder a larger part of the Atlantic defense burden, U.S. policy hasn't always advanced that cause. For years we have been selling an annual $1 billion worth of armament to NATO's European members, calculating on capturing a fifth of their market to help "neutralize" the foreign-exchange costs of our troops overseas. Naturally the Europeans would much prefer to make more of these things themselves and we ought to be cheering them on, since every advance in their industry and technology helps them hold their end up in the alliance. But their efforts have been perpetually frustrated, and not just because of the technological gap.

One instance was the colossal American pressure on Belgium recently to buy $150 million worth of Northrup F-5 jet fighters rather than the superior (if costlier) French Mirage Vs, on the grounds that at this point in our unhappy financial tale we need the money more than the French do. There was validity in the argument, considering the comparative roles played by the United States and France in keeping NATO's head above water. But Belgium's dying aeronautical industry needed the French, not us. France, which also turned the screws on suffering Belgium, offered ideal conditions for the creation of a larger-scale European enterprise to meet American competition: joint production, a chance to recover eighty per cent of the sum involved through local manufacture, and collaboration on other types of aircraft. While the Belgians couldn't resist this temptation in the end, others have done so —the Dutch, for example.

WHATEVER they say openly, most allied leaders have from the start seen the proposed non-proliferation treaty as a device to protect the U.S. lead in peacetime atomic-energy industries by suffocating Western Europe's—thus, in the atomic age, finally reducing Europe to what Prime Minister Harold Wilson has called industrial helotry. They have not changed their minds since, on their mutinous insistence, the treaty's



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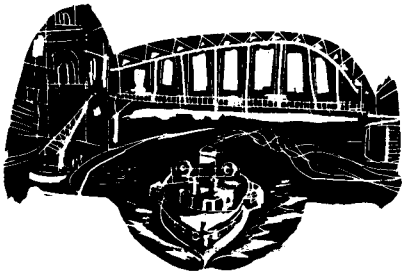
inspection clauses were revised last month. Italians in the know, for instance, are convinced that even the new draft would kill off their atomic-powered shipbuilding project, Italy's one really promising undertaking in the field. They are so sure of it that a group of the country's biggest industrialists have made imperious representations to the government, demanding rejection of the agreement.

To their way of thinking, the nonproliferation treaty is an unpleasant



foretaste of times to come, when the United States and the Soviet Union will have formed a partnership over their heads. They may be looking rather far ahead, since Russia is plainly determined to improve its position considerably before striking the bargain. But where would Europe be by then? If there is any truth in Herman Kahn's spectacular predictions for the year 2000 (not to mention J.-J. Servan-Schreiber's *Le Défi Américain*), Western Europe would be hopelessly behind the United States industrially. Its military condition is weakening progressively and unavoidably. Both considerations must affect it politically. Not everybody on the western side of the Continent is disposed to leave his fate in American hands under these circumstances until the day comes for a new Yalta Agreement. Some may choose to make their own agreement, and sooner.

### Old Key, New Lock

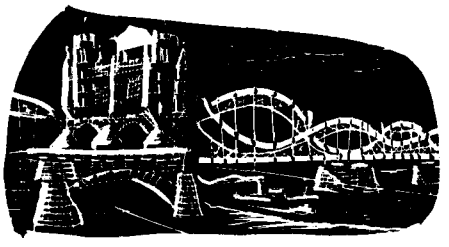
Speaking of this possibility before the House Foreign Affairs Committee in 1966, Dean Acheson noted only the one advanced in Paris, i.e., that "The European nuclear powers, that is, the old Triple Entente—Russia, France, and Britain—could reach an accommodation leading toward a solution to the problem of Central Europe and the division of Germany [on the] inherent assumption that Germany would accept a neutralized status without foreign troops or nuclear weapons on her territory." There is also the possibility of the Germans' making arrangements for themselves, more remote in 1966 than it appears today.

Americans who find this hard to believe should talk with the Germans these days, not only in Bonn or NATO headquarters but in Berlin. Those I saw there, when I stopped by on my way to Brussels, were mostly the university students whose revolt against the generation in power has been shaking the Germany Adenauer built to its foundations. They have none of their parents' illusions about the ability (or burning desire) of the United States (or France, or the rest of Western Europe) to reunite the two Germanys. Neither can they see much merit in a NATO shield consisting of fewer and fewer troops, armed with U.S.-owned and -controlled nuclear weapons which, if used at all in the strategy of flexible response, would probably make a mass cemetery of Berlin and most of West Germany before its NATO allies decided which way to jump. What's more, they realize that Walter Ulbricht's Wall is working in the sense that the Germans on the opposite side, resigned to their fate at last, are applying their energies to live more decently.

The determined assault of the students may not change Bonn's policies but it is adding greatly to Bonn's miseries. The gloom is thick in the offices of Germany's mission to NATO, where representatives of the country most in need of western solidarity and reassurance are too troubled to keep a smiling diplomatic face. "We will, of course, do our best to make a success of NATO's strategic planning, and to assist the United States in its present difficulties," one of them told me. "We must also take your government's word that its commitment to NATO and to us is as firm as ever. But your financial worries won't be over tomorrow and your responsibilities are global. We know how probable it is that if your troops don't go now, they'll go in a year or two or three, naturally with a promise to return in an emergency. By the 1970's, we'll no longer have flexible response but the Big Lift. Let's be frank: We may all still be here then, in this fine building with our superb new telecommunications system and our splendid maps on the wall and our scenarios for military exercises. But there will be no NATO."

Maybe there would be a Pax Atomica anyway, guaranteed simply by Russia's awareness of America's huge stakes in Europe and a common instinct for survival. Meanwhile, however, we would be leaving Europe to drift back toward that prewar "diffusion of will which must emerge from a congeries of small to medium-size nations," as Dean Acheson also observed in 1966. It would be nice to know which of these nations might end up on whose side of the Pax in that event, Germany above all. Despite French claims to Continental leadership, it is the Germans, mightier by far in industrial strength, who hold the key to the Continent. While the Americans have held the key to Germany since the Second World War, its rising generation may change the lock.

As THINGS STAND, NATO hasn't the slightest prospect of building up conventional forces. Relatively few Western Europeans think that the Soviet Union still has sinister designs on them; if there is a consensus among them about anything, it is that the Pax Atomica has long since



effectively removed their continent from the superpowers' contest for world supremacy. Some, perturbed by the Soviet Union's evident lack of interest in a general European settlement and its new truculent posture on Europe's southern flank, are beginning to reconsider. But not a single allied government today is in a political position to spend an extra $20 or $30 billion over the next five years for beefed-up military forces of any sort. They are in enough trouble already.



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# Uncommitted Republicans In Goldwater Country

JULES WITCOVER

In 1964, while the national spotlight focused on Presidential primary elections that proved to be a diversionary feint, the impassioned forces of Barry Goldwater were laboring diligently in the non-primary states, dominating Republican delegate-picking committees at the precinct and county levels. In some little-noticed cases, veteran Republican functionaries were voted out of office in local cabals. But in many states outside the East, the prospect of an honest-to-goodness conservative delighted the regular G.O.P. leaders, and they enthusiastically jumped aboard the Goldwater bandwagon. By the time of the convention in San Francisco that July, Goldwater had the nomination sewed up.

Four years later, the spotlight again was on the primaries until the abrupt cave-in of George Romney in New Hampshire and the consequent decision by Nelson Rockefeller to avoid active primary campaigning. Richard Nixon, faced with the ordeal of flailing away at nothing, will persevere, trying his best to jettison his loser image by rolling up fat majorities over nuisance candidates and by comparing his vote with write-ins for Rockefeller, Ronald Reagan, and Lyndon Johnson.

As in 1964, however, the non-primary states—thirty-six this year—will be the key. They have more than enough delegates to deliver the nomination to the candidate of their choice. After the success of the Goldwater strategy in 1964, one might expect that this rich lode of votes would be staked out early this year. Already, at least two non-primary states, Oklahoma and North Carolina, have completed selection of their delegates. But in both cases the full delegations, though at present heavily favorable to Nixon, will go to the Republican convention in Miami Beach uninstructed for any candidate.

Unless Rockefeller's newly active non-candidacy polarizes the party and sets off a conservative stampede to Nixon, this determination to stay loose is likely to be repeated in the non-primary states across the South and Southwest in what was Goldwater Country in 1964. This trend is perhaps the best evidence that conservative Republicans who plunged over the political brink four years ago have learned something from that disaster. It is a trend that Rockefeller clearly doesn't want to upset by forcing their hand with an overt stop-Nixon drive in the primaries. He now must acquire delegate strength of his own in the North and East and the support of a bloc of governors of sufficient staying power to force the convention beyond a first-ballot decision for Nixon. The new caution in the South and Southwest doesn't mean Republicans there have moderated their views, or that they lack another Goldwater-style figure to lead them. It's just that they want to win.

Ronald Reagan would be their man. But though he has attracted huge crowds at fund-raising functions around the nation and particularly in old Goldwater Country, there has been no massive rush to sign on the dotted line for him. In most Southern states there are informal Reagan for President clubs, but they are far from the kind of feverish Goldwater legions that were closing in on precinct, county, and state conventions at this time four years ago. Many segregationist Democrats who jumped the traces to rebuff Johnson in 1964 will vote for George Wallace this year, according to Fulton County, Georgia, Chairman Earl Patton. "The mad Democrats—the rednecks—are back with Lester Maddox," he told me. "So what do we have left? A real good base for the Republican Party. The idea 'I'd rather lose and be right' isn't there now. We still have some of the strong Goldwater group that literally charged the conventions, but they're not the ones who have been doing the work."

The work that Patton speaks of is the steady rebuilding of the G.O.P. since 1964, an effort that was most obviously demonstrated in the party's upset gubernatorial victories of 1966 but was just as importantly reflected in a comeback at the local, county, and state levels. In Texas, a string of 1967 special-election victories, including one in President Johnson's home district for the first time, has been a big morale builder. "Winning," said Oklahoma State Chairman E. L. "Bud" Stewart, "is better than anything."

This reluctance to dissipate recent gains in another year of ideological windmill-tilting has bred a new caution that is demonstrated in the trend toward uncommitted convention delegations. "There is the most tremendous feeling of not wanting to be tied down," observed Mrs. Raymond Arsht of Houston, a Texas district committeewoman. "There is a commitment to noncommitment." Romney's withdrawal and Rockefeller's refusal to contest Nixon in the primaries, she acknowledged, could undermine this attitude because there seemingly is little left on which to appraise the potential of the contenders to win in November. But for now the wait-and-see attitude is continuing.

In North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, G.O.P. leaders say their delegations will go to Miami Beach in no major candidate's pocket. Several weeks ago, nine Western state chairmen passed a resolution favoring uncommitted delegations. In most of these old Goldwater states, the delegates' hearts will belong to Reagan but their votes will be their own until the picture clears—or Rockefeller's heavy-handedness persuades them to rally to Nixon's side.

Because most states are now only holding local precinct caucuses, it is too early to say how many 1964 delegates will go to the 1968 convention. In many old Goldwater states, party leaders predict that repeaters may contribute at least fifty per cent of the new delegations, and



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if they aren't the same individuals, their replacements probably will be like-minded. But to conclude that a repeat performance of 1964 is in prospect—with only the cast of conservative characters changed—would be a mistake, they insist. "The difference," Texas National Committeeman Albert Fay told me, "is that we're all hunting a winner. Philosophy has taken a back seat."

This new attitude has been encouraged by National Chairman Ray Bliss at every opportunity. Since taking over the party in early 1965, Bliss has been spreading his gospel of unity and non-ideological local organizing through largely co-operative state chairmen. In the time since Goldwater's defeat, there have been new Republican chairmen in forty-four of the fifty states. One of the six survivors, Peter O'Donnell, Jr., in Texas, was among the staunchest Goldwater strategists four years ago; today he talks not of revenge or of pushing Reagan as the man to carry on the Goldwater crusade, but of finding a winner. He will support the nominee, even if it's Nelson Rockefeller, he says.

### The Waiting Game

The general expectation in old Goldwater Country, of course, is that no such choice will have to be made. There is a broad gray blanket of passivity over the G.O.P.—a waiting, watching, and hoping that somehow nothing will happen before or at the national convention in August to disturb the relative party unity that has brought such swift recovery from 1964.

The key to this hope is Richard Nixon. If he is not the man party leaders in the South and Southwest really want, he is at least the man they can take. Nixon is well aware of his role as the Great Pacifier, and it was to preserve it that he entered the primaries. Those who suggested at the outset that he was foolish to risk all, when all he had to do was pick up political IOUs long owed to him for campaign services in the non-primary states, failed to grasp the essential mood of noncommitment in those states. Commitments simply weren't there for the asking as 1968 started, and although the Rockefeller development may be hardening attitudes, Nixon still must sell himself as a winner by rolling up big votes in the uncontested primaries and showing up well against Johnson in the polls. If he can't, there is always the more glamorous Reagan for Goldwater Country conservatives, and the favorite-son candidates—possibly twelve or more—are likely to hold firmer with the growing prospect of meaningless primaries and a brokered convention. These two factors —a lingering conservative yearning for a true believer like Reagan, and the determination of favorite sons to hold their cards close for later Vice-Presidential dealing—gives Rockefeller at least some room to maneuver.

A prime example of the mood of noncommitment is in Oklahoma, which went for Nixon in 1960 and is regarded as one of his strongest 1968 states. Nixon already has an extensive organization there, with co-ordinators in most of the seventy-seven counties, even in Democratic strongholds where the G.O.P. state organization has never bothered to appoint county chairmen. State Chairman Stewart estimates that Nixon eventually can count on at least twenty of Oklahoma's twenty-two delegates. Yet for all this evident support, all are being sent uninstructed to Miami, with seventeen "leaning" to Nixon, five to Reagan, and none formally committed to anyone.

Governor Dewey Bartlett, who also likes Nixon, nevertheless has insisted on an uninstructed delegation as a way of feeding interest in his minority party—and of making sure he isn't stuck with a loser. Bartlett says he advised Nixon early of his plans for an uncommitted delegation, and while the former Vice President wasn't happy about the decision, he accepted it. The knowledge that this attitude was spreading throughout the non-primary states doubtless was a major factor in Nixon's decision to enter the primaries. Even now, with no chance of a head-on primary in which to appraise Nixon's voter appeal, the state delegation will remain uninstructed, Bartlett says.

What happens now if Nixon, with no active opponent in the primaries, fails to erase the doubts about his ability to beat Johnson, or even stumbles over Reagan or write-ins for Rockefeller in Wisconsin, Nebraska, or Oregon? The uncommitted states then may have to face a unity-shattering showdown in Miami between Reagan and Rockefeller. In such a clash, it would be Reagan all the way in old Goldwater Country. But what if all the polls show Rockefeller as the only Republican who can beat Johnson, and he manages to put together an impressive bloc of big-state governors? What happens then to the new approach that requires ideology to be muted for the sake of winning?

A surprisingly large number of local Republican leaders in the South and Southwest whom I visited recently said that they could "live with Rockefeller." A private poll for the Texas state committee before the Romney withdrawal showed thirty-one per cent for Reagan, twenty-six for Nixon, and eleven for Rockefeller—not as a last resort but as first choice. In Oklahoma, a caucus in the state's most conservative area gave Reagan 641 votes, Nixon 590, Rockefeller 142—again as first choice. Dean Burch, Goldwater's controversial national chairman, sees a good chance of avoiding another 1964 if it should come down to Reagan and Rockefeller. "The main difference is that nobody will go into the convention scarred," he says. That is precisely what Rockefeller is counting on by avoiding the primaries.

Such optimistic predictions are being made in an atmosphere of relative calm only momentarily disturbed by Romney's pullout. "Long before Rockefeller emerged," said Mrs. Arsht in Texas, "we assumed Romney was either a knowing or unknowing stand-in for him." The expectation in Dixie is still that Nixon will be nominated, and that makes it easier to talk academically of a Rockefeller-Reagan contest they don't really think will come off. Of course, the possibility that the G.O.P.'s new pragmatism does have the substance to survive such a showdown—or even a milder Nixon-Rockefeller brawl—cannot be dismissed out of hand. But those who recall vividly the bitterness and frenzy of San Francisco in 1964 can't be blamed if they prefer to wait to see whether the party has indeed learned its lesson.



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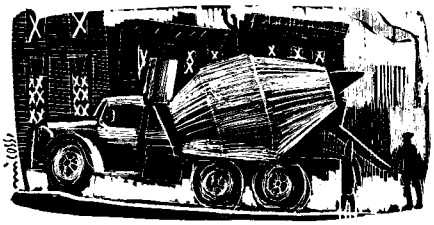

# Seattle Fights Complacency

BRUCE K. CHAPMAN

SEATTLE does not match the image one conjures up these days when the phrase "big city" is used. Uncommonly blessed, the regional capital of the Northwest is set between Puget Sound and Lake Washington in a verdant basin bounded by two mountain ranges. Wilderness is still only minutes away, the air is relatively clean, the water pure, the climate mild. The 1.2 million metropolitan residents are prosperous and middle-class, live in their own houses, and are tolerant and easy-going, perhaps because the area is still young, perhaps because until recently the city's minorities were small. The prevailing values are America idealized: graft-free nonpartisan government, broad-based volunteer activity, an emphasis on participation sports, excellent public education at all levels, and a relaxed business life, even amid the present boom.

If there was a yearning for a better cultural life, the small but tasteful World's Fair of 1962 sparked an interest in the arts that has gone far toward satisfying it. The seventy-two-acre park and civic center left by the fair provided more than new physical plant; it inspired the city. A once-struggling symphony orchestra is now a credit to the city, while the new Seattle Opera is a runaway hit, staging more performances a year than any American company outside New York. Where Seattle had only one permanent legitimate stage before the Seattle Repertory was formed (not counting the University of Washington theatres), the "Rep" has stimulated six new companies. The erstwhile Philadelphia String Quartet, after a row back East, has moved permanently to Seattle, the Robert Joffrey City Center Ballet from New York now summers near Seattle (it is Joffrey's home town), and the permanent Modern Art Pavilion at Seattle Center has had an effect in the opening of ten new private galleries.

More than the World's Fair is responsible for the cultural development of Seattle: the concurrent economic boom is the strongest of any metropolitan area in the country. But this boom, powered by the expanding air and space industry, has also threatened Seattle's traditional advantages. Seemingly by contagion, urban Seattle has acquired occasional air pollution, rampaging freeway development, a racial ghetto in the central city, "slurban" consumption of green space around the city, and the rest of the constellation of problems Seattleites once complacently viewed as Eastern.

### Dreariness Creeps In

Complacency, indeed, is the single greatest cause of Seattle's present vulnerability to the sicknesses of other big cities. Nearly sixty years ago the citizens voted down a plan to build rapid transit and a highway tube under Lake Washington, and to buy park land around the city limits. Couldn't the automobile carry people wherever they wanted to go, and wasn't the countryside virtually just down the street? Since that time, the resource economy of logging, fishing, and agriculture has been transformed by the manufacture of electronics, medical supplies, sports equipment, and the Boeing airplane. New people and new money seemed to change few minds, however, and city leadership remained generally dull, though honest. As late as last summer a city councilman up for reelection could complain, "You can't always see these problems creeping up on you."

The public also didn't see the problems creeping up. Water pollution, for example, had been increasing since the late 1930's, but became a popular issue only in the mid-1950's, when raw sewage began floating onto Lake Washington beaches and the oysters and clams disappeared from beaches on Puget Sound. No one bothered to take regular readings of air pollution until the early 1960's. Mount Rainier began vanishing from sight on windless sunny days. More highways were the conventional solution proposed to all traffic problems, despite the example of Los Angeles, until the first major freeway (Interstate 5) went through in 1963-1964. While auto movement was strikingly improved, citizens saw that ten thousand Seattleites had lost their homes and a barrier now divided the city. Worst of all, despite Highway Department projections that the freeway would be adequate until 1975, it reached rush-hour peak capacity within a month after it opened, and the Highway Department was demanding new freeways.

The growing strain on the Seattle area's considerable recreational facilities was also slow to be perceived. "When did the average person begin to realize what was happening?" lawyer James Ellis, former president of the Municipal League, asks rhetorically. "Probably it was the first time he had to wait an hour to launch his motorboat at a state park."

Even racial relations were set back by the growth. About a fourth of all Negroes live outside the central city (which in turn is one-fourth white). Yet almost all of the Negro newcomers established themselves in that area, which was already overcrowded. By national standards, the problem was minor. Schools were good; Washington State Negroes have a higher passing rate on Armed Forces Intelligence Tests than Negroes of any other state. Only 13.8 per cent of the central-city houses were "substandard" in the 1960 census, compared with 9.9 for the whole city—and



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both figures are below the national average. Most other measurements also indicated far superior conditions to those of Harlem, Watts, or Hough. But the conditions did not compare favorably with those of the local white community, and they were the standards Negroes were using.

In 1963 Seattle surprisingly turned down an open-housing ordinance, perhaps bringing home to Negroes for the first time the sacrifice *they* were paying for growth. And in 1967 a short-lived riot scare during the annual Seafair festivities in turn opened white eyes to the resentment growing behind the pleasant exteriors of the central city.

FORTUNATELY, and perhaps instructively, Seattle almost always has counted on a large number of concerned private citizens to help solve public problems. A private group led by Joseph Gandy, a lawyer, put over Century 21, the 1962 World's Fair, winning Seattle an All-America City award from the National Municipal League and *Look*. Similar agitation lay behind the creation of the Municipality of Metropolitan Seattle (Metro), which passed by one vote in the 1957 legislature. The voters, however, rejected a premature proposal to let this new agency deal with planning, parks, and transportation. The only regional problem sufficiently evident in 1958 was water pollution, and the public of Seattle and its suburbs did endorse what ultimately became a nationally acclaimed $135-million sewage-treatment program. By 1966 the project was a year and a half ahead of schedule, costing less than anticipated and permitting unpolluted boating, fishing, and swimming within the heart of Seattle.

Metro's success in solving water pollution, even as other urban problems worsened, was the background for a speech by James Ellis to the Seattle Rotary in November, 1965, which may have marked the real end of Seattle's complacency and the beginning of its big-city education. Venting "an accumulation of many people's frustrations," his call for a unified response to urban growth became especially significant with Boeing's later announcement of its huge new 747 jumbo jet project.

Growth, Ellis has argued, is more than just the result of more people; a multiplier effect is at work. He points out that the population of the city increased by fifty per cent between 1947 and 1966 (to one million county-wide), while in the twenty years from 1966 to 1986 the increase is expected to be one hundred per cent. But the actual impact will be more than double, for while the population grew by fifty per cent in the last twenty years, vehicle miles driven went up by two hundred per cent, highway mileage by three hundred per cent, and the use of state parks by 460 per cent. Considering that green space around the city, fresh air and other resources, and the crowding of the central area are also subject to the multiplier effect, Ellis said recently, "If this factor operates unchecked in the next twenty years as it has in the past twenty, the quality of our life here will be ruined." And because the bad effects of urban growth are interrelated, so must their treatment be interrelated.

The need had two dimensions, one in leadership and the other in capital acquisition. Republican Governor Daniel J. Evans and nonpartisan Mayor J. D. Braman were allies of a unified approach such as Ellis proposed. However, the Seattle city council, which under the city charter has more power than the mayor, was a retrograde force. The council not only failed to see the desirability of united and aggressive action on the problems of growth, it scarcely recognized the problems themselves. A majority opposed an ordinance (since passed) controlling the sizes and positions of outdoor signs, though its proponents had pointed out one could no longer see Mount Rainier from certain vantage points because Rainier Beer billboards blocked the view. When asked what he thought of the proposal to build at least one swimming pool in the central area, City Council President Clarence Massart suggested, "If they want one they can get a bond issue put on the ballot." Because of the same attitude, Seattle's parks had deteriorated and the Highway Department had operated virtually unchecked.

Meeting that aspect of the challenge in 1967 was CHECC (Choose an Effective City Council), a coalition of Young Republicans, Young Democrats, and Junior Chamber of Commerce members, who exposed council failures, proposed new programs, and backed fresh candidates. In November, three of the oldest councilmen were replaced by Tim Hill, a Young Republican state legislator; Mrs. Phyllis Lamphere, a League of Women Voters leader; and Sam Smith, a Democratic legislator and the city's first Negro councilman.

The capital-projects acquisition is the most dramatic aspect of Seattle's new approach. As the mayor's influential aide, Edward J. Devine, put it, "There are no physical goals in the city, only social goals; but social goals are often expressed in physical ways." The way in which physical plant can improve the whole spirit of a city was demonstrated in the World's Fair and Metro—both, Devine points out, successful financial ventures as well.

### A New Thrust

No one agrees more with Devine's interpretation of civic needs than James Ellis, and in 1965 he brought together some two hundred of the city and country's top private leaders from many occupations and neighborhoods to do what no other big city has done: carefully examine (by a systems-analysis procedure derived from Boeing's) the dimensions and interrelationships of metropolitan problems, define solutions and costs for capital development, assign priorities to the proposed projects, and get the official backing to place the entire selected program before the voters as one sweeping bond issue. The group was given the title Forward Thrust, and its activities were chiefly responsible for Seattle's winning another All-America City award last year.

On Ellis's committee were such local titans as Boeing Vice President Lowell P. Mickelwait, Western International Hotels President Edward E. Carlson, and the late Paul Seibert, a real-estate executive and director of the Central Association of Seattle businesses. Governor Evans and the leaders of both parties in the 1967 state legislature fought to acquire enabling legislation for Forward Thrust, and won eighteen out of nineteen requested measures. Meanwhile the committee itself was investing



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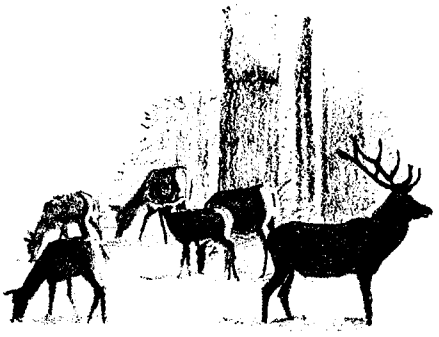
thousands of man-hours in unpaid investigatory study and early last year arrived at an "unmet needs" figure of $5.5 billion. They spent another six months whittling that figure down to $819 million, which per capita constitutes one of the largest, if not the largest, local capital bond issues in American history. To soften the impact, the indebtedness was to be a city and county obligation with amortization; thus property taxes still would have been within national norms if the package had passed intact in the special election on February 13.

Thirteen major items were included in the Forward Thrust program, from rapid transit ($385 million, to be matched with twice that figure in Federal moneys, the only item with significant Federal subsidy) to a $3-million low-income housing program. They varied in glamour from sewer improvements costing $70 million to a domed multipurpose stadium tagged at $40 million. Part of a $118-million recreation item was to build vest-pocket parks and a waterfront park downtown, and to acquire vast reaches of green space outside the city. Even in-town hiking paths were included.

All the array of capital projects, Ellis said, were designed to work together, but perhaps the most unifying element was rapid transit. Whereas local freeways had been designed almost entirely from an engineering standpoint, without regard for the social havoc they might cause, the Seattle Comprehensive Transportation Plan, including rapid transit, boasts the most advanced planning in the nation, using a $660,000 grant from the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development and a team of planners, engineers, architects, sociologists, and economists. Mayor Braman, an ardent convert to rapid transit, sees the Seattle system as far more than a traffic mover—a tool to reshape the city.

This total approach to transit places special emphasis on the welfare of the poor. Braman, along with Evans and Forward Thrust, designed a whole series of central-city improvements—including a number paid for by a Model Cities Federal grant—around a transportation system that would unite the area and bring it into closer association with its neighbors, rather than dividing it and walling it off.

This kind of large-scale planning, of course, did not go unopposed in the community. Extreme right-wingers sniped at the daring Forward Thrust scheme, but opposition from more conventional conservative sources was partially precluded by the participation of businessmen on the committee, particularly a vice chairman, electronics manufacturer John Fluke, a top name in many conservative causes as well as Forward Thrust. Support came also from or-



ganized labor and minority groups. Indeed, the guiding concept of the Forward Thrust campaign was that the program held together (though one could vote for some items and not others); that, for instance, the sports enthusiasts who were the stadium's strongest backers also had to support the Youth Services Center, whose advocates in turn had to back the stadium.

WOULD this coalition hold together? Yes and no. On election day, all thirteen measures received a majority vote, but an anachronistic state constitutional provision (unusual if not unique among the fifty states), requiring sixty per cent approval to validate a bond issue, resulted in the defeat of five of the thirteen measures: community centers, flood control, maintenance shops for the city, a land bank for low-income housing, and—the hardest blow—rapid transit. Neighborhoods that would not be served by the initial construction turned out heavily against the transit project. With their opposition combined with that bloc which everywhere routinely votes against higher taxes, the bond issue could get only a simple majority—fifty-one per cent.

But Metro had been defeated twice before it was passed on third submission to the voters; and the multipurpose stadium, backed by 62.3 per cent as part of the Forward Thrust package, had been turned down only last year when put up alone. Though Mayor Braman found the transit defeat "tragic" and predicted worsening traffic and pollution problems—ironically, a temperature inversion on election day produced the worst smog conditions in months—the Forward Thrust proponents immediately announced their intention to place the defeated items, including rapid transit, back on the ballot in September, or possibly in May, 1969. Governor Evans, who is considering a Forward Thrust-type program for the state, may be able to get new money to lower the direct cost to local property owners, and new rapid-transit lines may be planned to serve the neighborhoods left out on the defeated proposal's blueprints.

But most of Forward Thrust passed, a healthy swing away from complacency was demonstrated, and the power of individual private citizens co-ordinating their efforts to approach the urban plights on all fronts has had a partial vindication. Disappointment over the defeated items already has changed to determination to re-educate the voters.

The question being asked in Seattle now is, If an urban area as favored as this one cannot meet the challenge of growth, what area can? The only alternative that people mention is to *stop* the growth, in the spirit of an only half-facetious group called Lesser Seattle, which wants a fence built around the area, a confiscatory tax imposed on visitors, and letters sent to friends back East exaggerating the region's reputation for excessive rainfall. While such an approach offers amusement, even Lesser Seattle knows that it is unrealistic and that the only alternative to controlled growth is what is known locally as Los Angelization. But the general success of Forward Thrust suggests that the strategy of a co-ordinated attack on all fronts of the urban crisis is still valid and will be pursued. The lack of such a strategy and the funds to support it in most of urban America may be the gigantic if simple obstacle to significant reconstruction.



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# Same Time, Same Place

H. E. BATES

One had to keep up appearances, Miss Treadwell always told herself. Whatever else happened, one simply had to keep up appearances. After all, one had one's pride.

The sepia musquash coat she always wore throughout the winter had not only the advantage of keeping her warm and making her look almost upper middle class but of also concealing the fact that underneath it she wore a man's woolen cardigan and a brown imitation-leather waistcoat picked up for a shilling at a rummage sale. Underneath these garments her corsets had so far fallen to pieces that every now and then she padded them with folds of newspaper. If these failed to give her buxom but not too ample figure the distinguished and elegant line she saw so often in advertisements, they at least were warm too and cheap and comforting. Above all, they helped to keep up appearances.

Miss Treadwell, who was in her late fifties, was apt to refer to her minute bed-sitter, a mere kennel seven feet by ten, as "my little domain," though if occasion demanded she might enlarge a little on that, calling it "my apartment." A divan bed, a chair, a table, and a sink left no room whatever for a cooker, though this hardly mattered, since she never cooked except to make toast over a gas ring. Her diet consisted mostly, except on Sundays, of bread, margarine, and tea, though even this, for various reasons, she had only occasionally at home.

Every morning, at about eleven o'clock, she went out and sat on one of the seats in the public gardens. One didn't have to wait long there before someone dropped a newspaper into a litter basket, so that one got the news of the day for nothing besides a new padding for the corsets when necessary. After reading for another half hour Miss Treadwell went into a small café around the corner and had her lunch. This too consisted of a bread roll, margarine, and a pot of tea.

It was most important always to order a pot of tea, since in this way one got a small bowl of cube sugar, most of which was easily slipped into a handbag. It was also important to select a table where someone else had recently been eating. In this way one quite often found two or three pennies or even sixpence left under a plate and uncollected by a busy waitress.

After lunch she always went back to the gardens to visit the Public Ladies. It was quite extraordinary what one sometimes found in the Public Ladies. Frequently someone had forgotten a lipstick, a powder compact, a comb, a box of eye shadow. Once Miss Treadwell had actually found a small handbag containing, among other things, a bottle of peroxide. With the use of this she suddenly went sensationally and almost youthfully blonde, thus keeping up appearances dramatically.

She had learned other tricks by experience: for example, that late on Saturday afternoons one could buy, for a few pence, bags of unsold cakes that wouldn't keep in the shops until Monday, or bags of broken biscuits that made a delicious Sunday treat if you put them in a bowl and poured a layer of thin hot chocolate over them. There were also flowers: sometimes as you walked through the street market you came across a whole box of them, daffodils or roses or carnations or gladioli, that had dropped from a truck and nobody had ever bothered to pick up. A few swiftly snatched-up stalks turned the bed-sitter into a little paradise.

Soon after the incident of the peroxide that had turned her a light youthful blonde and helped to keep up her appearances so dramatically, she was sitting in the public gardens on an April morning. The day was suddenly and unusually hot; tulips that had been mere half-green buds the day before were now becoming, every moment, more and more like shimmering open wineglasses of pink and scarlet and yellow; an occasional white or yellow butterfly skimmed through the many wide yellow trumpets of daffodils under trembling pink canopies of cherry blossom. All the many seats in the gardens were crowded. It was very much a morning when appearances mattered.

The only place she could find to sit down was next to a gentleman



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who, because of the sudden April heat, had taken off his black homburg and laid it on the seat beside him. As Miss Treadwell approached he removed the hat and balanced it on his knee. His hair was a smooth iron gray. This alone would not have confirmed him as a gentleman, but the homburg hat most certainly did. Men who wore homburgs were always gentlemen.

After studying his newspaper in concentrated silence for another five minutes, he folded it up and laid that too on the seat beside him. Unwilling to appear too eager, Miss Treadwell waited some further minutes before saying:

"I hope you won't think me rude, but I wonder—could I take a tiny glance at your newspaper? I couldn't get one this morning."

"Oh, by all means. By all means. Take it, please. I've finished with it anyway."

"Oh, I didn't mean to take it altogether."

"Oh, do! I've finished the crossword. And once I've finished that I'm not interested. Do you do the crossword?"

No, Miss Treadwell had to confess, she never did the crossword. She supposed she wasn't clever enough for that.

"Nor was I, this morning. There was a devil of a clue and the only word that fitted was 'poitivene.' Had

me stuck for an hour. Do you know what a poitivene is?"

Miss Treadwell suddenly felt flattered and very pleased with herself. Yes, she said, as a matter of fact she did.

"And what on earth is it?"

"It's a sort of chrysanthemum."

"Is it, by Jove! How ever did you know?"

Miss Treadwell said she had seen them on the market flower stalls, labeled. There was another one called rayonante. She always thought they were such pretty names, she said, and the gentleman in the homburg gave her a long friendly blue-eyed stare of admiration.

SILENCE came between them for some few minutes after this, until finally the gentleman in the homburg said:

"What a beautiful morning."

"Lovely. Spring at last."

"Spring at last."

Miss Treadwell now opened the paper and pretended to read it without actually seeing a single word. At the same time the gentleman in the homburg extended a hand and laid it on the paper and said:

"The cartoon's rather good today. Page five. Allow me."

As the gentleman in the homburg turned the pages of the paper, Miss Treadwell suddenly noticed an extraordinary thing. On the third finger of his left hand he was wearing a rather large ring. It was in the shape of a turquoise butterfly set in a clear white stone.

With considerable diffidence Miss Treadwell said:

"What a most unusual ring, if you forgive me for saying so."

"It *is* rather unusual."

The gentleman in the homburg held out the ring for her to look at more closely. She gazed at it for some seconds and then said:

"It looks sort of Chinese."

"Indian, I'm told."

"Is it a sort of charm, a good-luck thing or something?"

"Sort of. The butterfly is supposed to represent summer and the white stone winter and ice and all that. I suppose it's a sort of symbol of the resurgence of spring over winter. Well, so I've been told."

Miss Treadwell could only listen in fervent, silent admiration. The stone flashed in the sun. And was it sort of lucky? she said.

"Supposed to be. But I'm afraid this thing has produced more than its fair share of trouble."

"Oh! how could that be?"

"It belonged to my eldest sister. She left it to me. Consequently my other sister—I live with her—has never forgiven her. She gives me hell about it."

Miss Treadwell fell into a depressed silence, not knowing what to say. The silence lasted several minutes until at last he said:

"Still, I suppose I ought to be

thankful she looks after me. Do you live nearby?"

"My apartment is just round the corner."

"You live alone?"

"Oh, quite."

"In a way I envy you. At least you've no one to quarrel with. Every day I'm glad when breakfast is over. Then I can be off on my own."

In silence Miss Treadwell again gazed at the butterfly imprisoned in its ice.

"Do you find it difficult to fill in the day?" the man in the homburg asked.

"Oh, no, no, no! It's terribly, terribly full. By the time I've done my cooking and cleared up the apartment and so on I find that the time simply flies. I do a lot of flower arrangement."

"I find it hangs like hell."

They sat for some time longer in the sun, without speaking. Then the man in the homburg looked at his pocket watch and said:

"Well, I fear I must be going; we always have lunch at dead on twelve. If I'm not there she starts creating like fury."

"I must be going too," Miss Treadwell said. "I've my own lunch to get. And then I'm making new curtains for the sitting room."

"Ah! You're clever at that sort of thing?"

"Oh! I don't know about clever. As a matter of fact I don't think I



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am. I sort of mismeasured the windows and now I need yards and yards more material."

"I suppose that's the trouble with large windows."

"Yes. Yes. However, we shall get over it. I know they have plenty more at the shop."

The man got up, put on his hat, and then took it off again in a courteous gesture.

"Well, good-bye. It's been so nice to meet you. Oh, by the way, my name is Thornhill."

The butterfly imprisoned in its ice flashed in the sun.

AFTER THAT they began to meet at more or less the same spot at more or less the same time on most weekdays. The weather continued warm, sometimes even hot, and Miss Treadwell discarded the musquash coat and some of the newspaper under it, wearing instead a pale pink jersey dress and a pair of brown imitation-crocodile shoes she had picked up cheaply at a rummage sale.

"I'm feeling rather affluent today," was the first remark with which Mr. Thornhill greeted Miss Treadwell one morning. They had been meeting for nearly a month now.

"Oh! Why is that?"

"I've started to draw my pension." He laughed, rather against himself, pleasantly. "I think it's rather funny. Do you have the pension yet?"

"Oh! no, no, dear me no," Miss Treadwell said. She laughed too. Did he mind? She hadn't quite got as far as that yet. All in good time.

"Earlier in life one tends rather to despise the thought. And then when the time comes it's rather nice. Well, I expect you won't be too proud to take it when it arrives."

"Well, of course luckily I have private means." It was a lie, but one had to keep up appearances. Miss Treadwell's means consisted of a small Post Office savings account from which she extracted a minute sum every Monday morning. "I simply couldn't manage the apartment without."

"Those curtains must have cost you a bit."

"Oh, the earth! The absolute earth."

"On the subject of affluence," he suddenly said, "I feel in honor bound to buy you a drink this morning."

"But it's only half-past eleven."

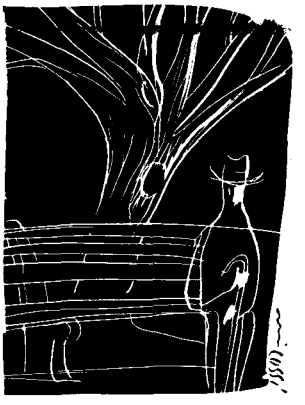
"By the time we've walked to the Lansdowne Arms it'll be twelve o'clock."

"The Lansdowne Arms?"

Miss Treadwell, who couldn't afford to drink anyway, suddenly found herself confronted with impossible visions of grandeur and felt slightly frightened. Walking across the public gardens, she kept her hands tightly folded in front of her in case one or more of the newspapers should slip and fall down.

In the bar of the Lansdowne Arms, everything was wrapped in red, subdued light. Like scarlet torches, a great vase of gladioli flamed on the bar.

"Now name it," Mr. Thornhill said. "Anything you like. After all, it isn't every day a man becomes of



age. Sherry, port, gin, whisky, beer —what shall it be?"

Miss Treadwell hesitatingly confessed that she felt ever so slightly tempted toward a small sherry.

"Splendid. I'll have sherry too. But a dry one. And make them," he said to the waiting barman, "large ones."

Sherry in hand, Miss Treadwell sat bathed in dreams of grandeur that, for all their emergence into reality, were now more impossible than ever. The sherry warmed her throat, crawled snakily through her empty stomach, and moistened her eyes. Mr. Thornhill said "cheers!" several times and then suddenly burst out laughing.

"God, I wish my sister could see me now!"

He positively swigged at his sherry while Miss Treadwell gently sipped at hers.

"Hell. Why do the children of the same parents so often hate each other?"

To this question, almost barked out, Miss Treadwell had no answer and simply went on sipping her sherry.

"Some days the atmosphere in that house is poisonous. We hiss at each other like two snakes. One day—"

MISS TREADWELL started to think up what seemed at first a presumptuous remark but another sip or two of sherry finally fortified her to make it.

"Perhaps if you gave her the ring, it might help things."

"Good God, what? Can't you just hear her? 'Oh, far be it from me to take the ring from you. If Alice had wished me to have the ring she would have left it to me. But the fact is she didn't, did she? Oh, no, it's your ring. Not all the wild dogs in China'—that's one of her favorite maddening expressions, 'all the wild dogs in China.' "

Mr. Thornhill savagely drained his sherry glass.

"Have you ever known what it is to want to murder somebody?"

"Oh, dear me no," Miss Treadwell said, her voice barely audible.

"It's not funny," Mr. Thornhill said. "It's not funny. Still, drink up. Second round. This is the day."

Miss Treadwell started meekly to protest that really one was enough for her, but Mr. Thornhill was already waving an expansive arm in the direction of the bar.

"Well, if you insist," Miss Treadwell said, "but only a very small one this time."

Of course he insisted, Mr. Thornhill said, and snapped out the words "Same again, barman," only to retract them a second later.

"No, make mine whisky. A double Black and White."

His sister didn't drink either, he went on to say. That made her subhuman for a start. A good drink now and then did a lot to make a person human, didn't Miss Treadwell agree?

When the barman brought the new drinks, Mr. Thornhill drank gaspily at his whisky, confessing that sherry really wasn't his tipple. With whisky a man had something. It—what did they say nowadays?—it sent you.

"We must do this more often—



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make it an every-morning thing."

Mr. Thornhill, having drunk half his whisky neat, now poured a little water into the rest of it, complaining at the same time that you didn't

get much of a measure nowadays. In no time you were ready for another.

"By the way, did you finish your curtains?"

No, Miss Treadwell had to confess, she hadn't yet.

"Well, promise me something. When you do, invite me up to see them. Fair enough? I envy you that apartment of yours. I really envy you. God, it would be nice to live on one's own. Well, promise me?"

Well, it would be some time yet, Miss Treadwell found herself saying. Inwardly she trembled with cold apprehension. There had been some hitch about the material. The stock of the original yellow had run out and she hadn't been able to match it up.

"Well, all in good time. All in good time. But promise me?"

AFTER a third large whisky, Mr. Thornhill gave the distinct impression of talking through a muslin bag. The folds of his neck were perceptibly reddened. From time to time he locked and unlocked the fingers of his two hands and finally, in one of these unsteady gestures, he took off the butterfly ring. To her infinite and tortured astonishment, Miss Treadwell suddenly heard the words:

"You said something about giving the ring back to Beryl. Well, blast Beryl. I want to give it to you. Get what I mean?" He held out the bright imprisoned butterfly. "Go on. Take it. Slip it on."

"Mr. Thornhill, I don't quite understand—"

"Go on. Third finger, left hand."

The butterfly imprisoned in its ice sparkled. Miss Treadwell proceeded to lift her glass of sherry, only to find herself trembling so much that she had to set it down again. Mr. Thornhill smacked the palms of his hands together and his voice was overloud.

"You get what I'm asking you, don't you? It isn't always easy to say these things."

Half terrified, Miss Treadwell made yet another attempt to lift her glass of sherry. This time she managed to get it to her lips, spilling much of it down her chin. As she mopped at it with her handkerchief it appeared to Mr. Thornhill that she might have been about to cry. She did in fact feel like crying and sat for some moments biting her lips hard, locked in impotent nervous distress.

"Well," Mr. Thornhill said. "What say you? Do you know, I don't even know your Christian name."

"Doris."

Mr. Thornhill laughed tipsily.

"Doris, I'm asking you—yes, I know, I expect you're going to say 'This is all so sudden.' "

Well, it was, sort of, Miss Treadwell said. A vision of her bed-sitter, the kennel, suddenly rose up to mock her. The loud plop of the gas ring as she lit it echoed through her mind, extinguishing for a moment every thought. Again the imprisoned butterfly sparkled. A moment later, unsteadily grabbing at his glass, Mr. Thornhill dropped the ring on the floor.

Picking it up, he was visibly trembling too.

"I thought perhaps we could both manage in your apartment—with my pension and yours—unless perhaps you'd sooner be independent."

Desperately, as never before in her life, Miss Treadwell sought to keep up appearances by taking her compact from her bag, looking into its mirror, and slowly powdering her nose. The face she saw in the glass, pallid and stiff, seemed not to belong to her, and hastily she shut the compact.

"Well, what do you say?"

"I don't know what—well, anyway, not today, Mr. Thornhill. Please, not today."

"Not Mister Thornhill. Harry. Tomorrow, then? Same time, same place, tomorrow. Here."

"I think I ought to go now, Mr. Thornhill."

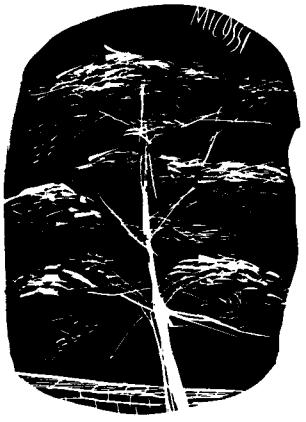
"Harry, Harry please. Go my foot. I'm going to have another whisky." Mr. Thornhill's command of "Same again!" was so sharp and loud that a wirehaired terrier belonging to a tweeded gentleman at the far end of the bar yapped out a series of loud and agitated barks. In its feverish agitation it might well have been the echo of the voice of Miss Treadwell pleading for some sort of escape or mercy.

"Good-bye," she said. "I really must go." Her voice was in fact barely audible. "Good-bye—I really must go now—"

"Don't forget." Mr. Thornhill staggered unsteadily to his feet, eyes watering weakly, the imprisoned butterfly flashing again as he sought to shake her hand. "Same time, same place—"

AFTER THAT Miss Treadwell never sat in the public gardens again. She now goes, instead, to a park half a mile away. In the park is a small lake. In the center of the lake is an island covered with low shrubbery and a number of wooden coops where ornamental water birds, bright mallards, unusual geese, and even moorhens can shelter.

Every morning Miss Treadwell, struggling always, with pride, to keep up appearances, takes with her a small bag of stale cakes or broken biscuits and throws them to the birds and then persuades herself it is sort



of fun to watch which ones, greedy and squabbling, grab the biggest pieces first.

"Tomorrow," she always tells herself. "Same time, same place." She also reads the newspapers.



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# Black and White Minstrels

ANDREW M. GREELEY

LET US SUPPOSE that you are the crusading editor of a liberal San Francisco newspaper (in itself a wild assumption). You live in a gorgeous mansion overlooking the Golden Gate. Your wife is a talented director of an art gallery. You both have trained your daughter in the most approved principles of political and social liberalism, a liberalism reinforced by a picture of Franklin Roosevelt on your desk. One day, without warning, your beautiful daughter, twenty-three years old, arrives on the scene and announces that she is going to be married. Who is the lucky groom? He is an M.D., summa cum laude from Johns Hopkins, a sometime professor at Yale, author of two books and many articles, holder of several medical awards, a specialist in tropical medicines, and an official of the World Health Organization. One minor point: he's black.

Do you oppose the marriage? Do you betray the ideals of a lifetime at the sight of that black face? Do you admit to one and all that you've been a hypocrite? Do you turn FDR's picture to the wall? Of course not. You may be surprised by the suddenness of it all, at a loss for the right words to say, tempted to repeat hoary folk myths about "the children"; but you remember your principles, stick to your guns, and say, "If that's what you want, that's what we want." Indeed, in a short time you are bragging to your friends about the young doctor's many talents and charms.

SO WHERE in such a situation is the conflict out of which drama is made? Having so rigged the case in favor of interracial marriage, Stanley Kramer and his staff must have realized that something else was required: the dice had to be loaded in the opposite direction or the game was over before it started. Hence they stipulate that the young couple met only ten days ago and that they are demanding parental approval within ten hours. Here are the makings of subtle and sophisticated drama. While parents may not legitimately object to interracial marriage, they may reasonably object to hasty marriage. The young couple will use the racial argument in reverse, attempting to force you to agree to a marriage that you would have difficulty accepting even if it were not interracial. But don't worry about getting caught in this bind. The Kramer school like their moral issues clean-cut: the haste of the marriage is used to put the liberal on the spot by forcing you to a quick decision, but it is not permitted to fuzz the basis on which your decision must be made.

But there is still the difficulty that, even with the pressure for a quick decision, the tale of a dedicated liberal living up to his principles after initial surprise is not very dramatic. One must still attract an audience. Mr. Kramer decides that you and your wife will become Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn and this will surely pack in the audience to hear the sermon that he is preaching. Everyone knows, of course, that Tracy and Hepburn are not going to prevent their daughter from marrying Sidney Poitier (who is almost as cool as Bill Cosby, even though periodically he still appears to be looking for his toolbox and those nuns). That means that the interracial tension is almost gone from the film. What is left to be done with your problem? That's easy, my friends. Mr. Kramer serves up a comedy—an *Abie's Irish Rose* in blackface.

That there is humor in the country's racial agony is undebatable, but Mr. Kramer is hardly going to run the risk of putting Dick Gregory on the screen. So *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* falls back on the traditional battle of the sexes that Tracy and Hepburn have always done so well. Tracy puts his shaving brush in his Scotch; he orders Oregon boysenberry ice cream from a gum-chewing teen-age car hop; he puts his toe through a toeless sock (honest he does) and pulls out a dresser drawer that falls on the floor. People still laugh.

IN ADDITION, as one can almost expect, there is an Aunt Tomasina maid who says funny things like "I'm for civil rights, but this is too much"; and (when informed that the doctor's parents are coming for supper too), "It's getting like a Holy Roller meeting"; and (when asked if she can guess who else is coming to supper), "I know, it's the Reverend Martin Luther King." She also calls the doctor "boy" and warns him to stay in his place. Laugh? I thought I'd die. There is, further, one of those warm, witty, wise Irish monsignors who abound in movies but are rare in reality. Finally, there are the predictable hilarious situations when the surprised parents on both sides discover (ha ha) that their future in-law is of the other race:

# The First Day of April

*—to Geoffrey Chaucer*

Birds are chirping down the chimney. We have
Spent the night with television tales,
Whose every villain calculates a face
As suave as April's. Now the day, no less
Politely, offers overtures of light.
We pinch ourselves, remembering who knew
Full well the treachery of March, and May's
Deceit, but granted Spring the power to pierce
A pilgrim heart with foreign hallows. Saints
In all their glory wait our pious shows
In sundry places. We have wintered well.
Let him begin the game who knows a story.

—JOHN ALEXANDER ALLEN



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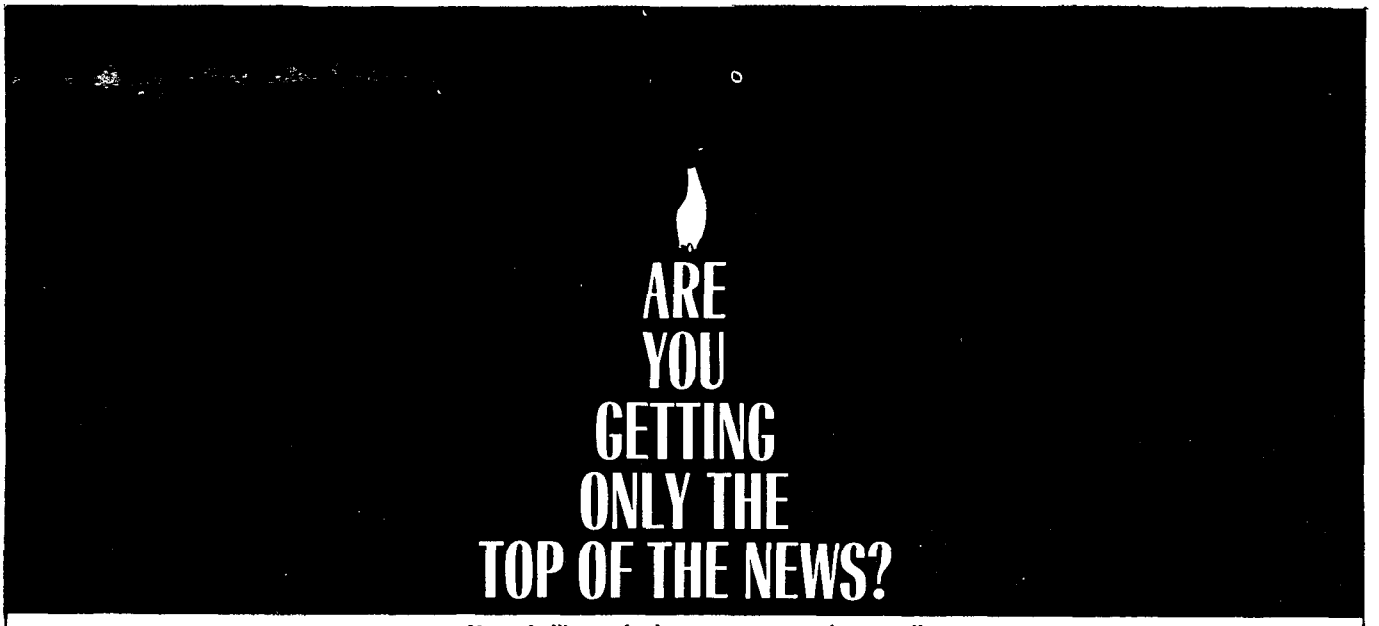

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## THE REPORTER

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you should have seen the look on their faces.

To wrap it all up, there is a ballad about "The Glory of Love," which I am sure you can hear at your local teen-age ice-cream emporium, where, by the way, the movie itself belongs. Love generally doesn't conquer very much and it certainly cannot conquer the dishonest, tasteless, and meretricious view of the race problem on which *Guess Who* is based.

Tracy and Hepburn are as marvelous as always. Whether they are great actors I know not; but they are marvelous entertainers and death's ending their long partnership deprives us of one of the best entertainment joys of our time. My own biases are that the Deity will forgive Tracy for the silly, superficial, sentimental oration with which he brings *Guess Who* to an end; further, I am confident that in his segment of the hereafter, Tracy will not be greatly embarrassed by *Guess Who*. But I am not prepared to forgive Kramer for permitting one of my all-time favorites to end his film career by uttering silliness.

GOD KNOWS we need honest and intelligent motion pictures dealing with the race question; they might make a minor but important contribution to solving our society's greatest problem. But the viewers of *Guess Who* can laugh with ease, sympathize with lovely Katharine Houghton's plight (even if she is one of the most painfully bad young actresses to appear for a long time), and feel proudly liberal because they support this particular interracial marriage. But the world of *Guess Who* is so clearly divorced from reality that the audience can leave the theatre with the comfortable feeling that they have seen nothing that need disturb their prejudices. Kramer has progressed. *Home of the Brave* was dishonest in a small, low-budget way; *Guess Who* is bad in a great big spectacular, superstar, technicolor way. But the world has changed too; to play loosely with terror of race in our country is grossly immoral. Not to pull punches, Kramer and his like should keep their cotton-picking paws off the race issue. It's bad enough as it is, without them mucking it up more.

# The Song of Solomon

**GERALD WEALES**

FAILED FATHERS and accusing brothers have haunted the plays of Arthur Miller for thirty years, at least since *They Too Arise*, the unpublished play which in 1938 won the playwright a prize from the Theatre Guild Bureau of New Plays, his first step toward becoming one of America's most important playwrights. In *The Price*, Miller's newest play, two such brothers confront one another across the armchair in which their father, wiped out by the 1929 crash, spent his last years staring helplessly into space, unable to cope with a world in which failure and degradation were possible. Like Miller's early plays—*Death of a Salesman* most notably—*The Price* contains an implied criticism of society, of a system that dictates material success at the expense of human relationships and replenishing occupation. Yet, despite the echoes of early Miller characters and themes, *The Price* really belongs with his most recent work. Like *After the Fall*, it is an examination of guilt and the attempt to escape it; like *Incident at Vichy*, it is little more than a round-table discussion, however emotionally charged.

THE CHIEF CHARACTER in *The Price* is Victor Franz, a policeman, a sergeant after twenty-eight years on the force ("We stayed out of the rat race, anyway, and I'm not sorry for that"), immobilized by the suspicion that his life is and has been meaningless. He is unable to act, to take retirement and face a new life, and his marriage is teetering on the edge of collapse as a result of his uncertainty. His antagonist is his older brother Walter, a highly successful surgeon, who, following a divorce, the estrangement of his children, and a nervous breakdown, is just coming to understand that medicine can be something more than a highly efficient "instrument that cuts money out of people."

After sixteen years without having seen each other, the brothers meet on the top floor of the brownstone that their parents had owned, in a room stuffed with the props of their past, and try to face the history that they have been carrying around as cross and crutch. There is something very sloppy about the chronology of the play, and it is difficult to figure out just when the events are supposed to have taken place; the verifiable dates are 1929, 1936, which Victor mentions, and 1940, when he would have had to join the force, but that leaves the characters a decade to rattle around in. At some point during that ten years, which Victor spent taking care of his father, he had to drop out of college because Walter, who already had an established practice and a house in Rye (it was Greenwich in the version printed in the *Saturday Evening Post*: what is that change supposed to mean?), would not give him the five hundred dollars he needed to finish.

At the end of the evening of accusations and discoveries, Victor comes to accept that Walter has been a kind of convenience for him, someone to blame for a choice that was his own (he chose not to walk out on his father, even knowing—or suspecting—that the old man still had money) and for which he must



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**Yale University Press**
**New Haven and London**

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pay the titular price. This acceptance presumably saves his marriage and puts meaning back in his life; at least, at the end, Esther tells him to go ahead and wear his uniform when they go out to the movie, her way of admitting who he is. Unlike Walter, who fails to assuage his guilt when Victor refuses the offer of a made-up job, Victor has come to terms with the past. He will even take his fencing mask and foil as a souvenir; Walter, running away, throws back into the room the dress that he was taking to his daughter ("I'd like her to wear something of Mother's").

THUS *The Price*, like *After the Fall*, comes to the conclusion that life is possible only when a man accepts the responsibility for his own life and stops trying to blame someone else for what he is or is not. The difficulty with the play is that the characters, in their relentless verbal preoccupation with who they are ("Because I don't know where in hell I am, Victor!" Esther screams at one point), worry their problems with all the ponderousness of the characters in *As the World Turns*. There is a fine line between the very serious and the very trivial, between the concerns of genuine domestic drama and those of soap opera, as Robert Anderson's *I Never Sang for My Father* and William Hanley's lamentable television play *Flesh and Blood* have proved in the last few weeks. Miller walks that line gingerly in *The Price* and in a few instances he slips toward the soap. This is particularly obvious in the character of Esther, who once wrote poetry and is—or so it is hinted—an incipient alcoholic. The part is unrealized both in the writing and in the playing, done in the blunt, downright style Kate Reid so often uses—think of *Dylan*—as though sincerity were a substitute for characterization.

The confrontation of the two brothers works much better because they seem to be trying—even as they insist they are not—to score points off each other. Here is the possibility, particularly in Arthur Kennedy's angry Walter, of a real dramatic conflict, but it is never quite realized; they seem to be quarreling not so much out of dramatic necessity as to prove a point. It is possible that characters who insist on self-exploration become bathetic unless they are saved by their own or their author's sense of irony, as in Chekhov or in *Death of a Salesman*, for that matter.

Miller, then, gives Victor and Walter biographies, mannerisms, costumes that suggest reality, and he saddles them with the identity problem that has always tormented his characters. Still, they are a little too representative really to be credible, and they would grow tiresome if their struggle (and/or mutual analysis) did not take place in the presence of an observer as attractive as Gregory Solomon. Solomon is a furniture dealer, almost ninety, called out of retirement when Victor found his name in an old telephone book. Beginning with a fairly standard Rus-

sian-Jewish stereotype, Miller turns him into a comic character—garrulous, crotchety, apothegmatic—who embodies the play's central theme. "Let me give you a piece advice," he says, the *v* becoming a *w* in his mouth. "It's not that you can't believe nothing, that's not so hard—it's that you still got to believe it."

Solomon, in the way he moves around the room, in his inquisitive poking into the lives of the Franzes, in his willingness to take on a new load of furniture at his age, is himself an indication of the positive power of life, the ability to go past disbelief (self-doubt, guilt) and live fully, expecting and giving no answers. He is not simply a comic character, although he is probably the funniest role Miller has ever written, but a dramatic image as well, a fleshly instance of the point Victor presumably reaches at the end of the play. After he makes his deal with Victor, he sits down in the armchair at the center of the stage, thus becoming the true father of Victor.

It is the character of Gregory Solomon that keeps *The Price* from being simply another exercise in defining the human condition, like *After the Fall* and *Incident at Vichy*. So much, then, depends on the way he is played. When I saw *The Price* in Philadelphia, David Burns had already made of Solomon a superbly detailed portrait of a physically fragile man buoyed up by a bendable but unbreakable spirit; his Solomon was one of the best things I have seen this season. Burns was forced to go into a hospital before the show opened in New York, and Harold Gary, who replaced him, has not yet found the Solomon that the play needs. He got the lion's share of the audience's attention, it is true, and some remarkably good notices, but that is primarily because the part itself is the play's showpiece; it still needs to be transformed from vehicle into man.

EXCEPT for the replacement of David Burns, there were few changes in the play between its Philadelphia opening and that in New York. There was only one of real importance and it was an unfortunate one. At the end of the play as it now stands, Solomon takes a record from the old Victrola, looks at it, and begins to laugh as he sinks into the armchair. The audience is supposed to remember that it is one of those laughing records popular in the 1920's which Victor plays early in the evening; but after the playing of the laughers, Victor and Solomon talk about Gallagher and Shean while Gregory fingers an old record of theirs, and there is a possibility of confusion in the audience's mind. Even if it is clear which record he is laughing at, the effect is not nearly as impressive as the one that brought down the curtain in Philadelphia. There, he put the record on the Victrola. As it began, metallic and harsh, it sounded sardonic, as though it were a comment on what we had just seen, and then Solomon (Burns) began to chuckle with it, then laugh, and finally the man took over from the machine and his vitality filled the stage. That's the note on which the play should end.



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BOOKS

# Read All About What?

GLENDY CULLIGAN

SEVENTY YEARS OF BEST SELLERS: 1895-1965, by Alice Payne Hackett. *Bowker. $7.90.*

What, when, and why is a best seller? In our culture, the term is overworked and overvalued. Even so, the concept remains useful for social historians eager to plumb the public mind as well as for publishers, to whom this industry studbook is primarily addressed.

My own stunned awareness of the mass-cult phenomenon dawned in 1936. Before that, living in a Southern province, I thought of reading as a private vice. Moving to New York, I found every other face in the subway obscured by a bulky volume. More amazing, every one bore the same mysterious title: *Gone with the Wind.* Still eighth on the combined, overall roster compiled by Miss Hackett for *Publishers' Weekly*, Margaret Mitchell's hardy perennial broke many records. Yet the underlying principle of the best seller—defined by Miss Hackett as the influence of sales on sales—is not exclusively the product of modern merchandising techniques. Scanning the seventy annual lists that form the bulk of this volume, I found that I had read more than half of the titles that had been published before my birth without ever suspecting their status. They were simply the books most accessible in the average library long after their peak of glory, testifying to the taste of a whole generation.

Many of those friends have gone at last, but others can still be seen in out-of-the-way thrift shops: *Freckles, A Girl of the Limberlost, Alice of Old Vincennes*, and—greatest tear-jerker of all time—*The Rosary*, which topped the list in 1910 and still holds me in remembered thrall. (" 'You painted her soul,' said Nurse Rosemary. 'I *saw* her soul,' said Garth, almost in a whisper; 'and that vision was so radiant that it illuminated my dark life.' " Mine, too, when I was nearing ten. Ah, Garth, beloved! Where are you now? Deserted by your duchesses, reduced to 549th place on the best-seller list! I at least shall never forsake you!)

From Garth Dalmain, sublime in violet shirt and Edwardian tie, what a leap to the newest head of the list. The triumph of good old commonsensical Dr. Spock must give the thoughtful citizen pause. Are we child-centered rather than child-ridden as the population prophets warn? Or, skipping to *Peyton Place*, now in fourth place, are we actually a nation of lechers?

AFTER many vain tries at a theory of taste that would encompass all the contradictions in this *Burke's Peerage* of publishing, I resign myself to that granddaddy of aesthetic axioms: *de gustibus*, etc. To do justice to this book's infinite variety of evocations would require a companion volume of equal length. Miss Hackett confines her own commentary to a few brief prefaces, allowing *PW's* lists, of which she is unofficial custodian, to dominate the text.

As generally used, she points out, the term "best seller" is relative to a specific time and place. Even in the context of history, we learn, today's best sellers are better sellers—better, that is, than in her initial compilation of 1945. When that first version appeared, permanent rank was based arbitrarily on a 500,000 minimum sale. In 1945, 143 titles qualified. Today, Miss Hackett's single file has branched into three: a master list combining hard-bound with paperback hits that have survived for seventy years in either or both formats, plus separate lists for each binding.

New cutoff points—750,000 for hard-cover, one million for both the combined and the paperback lists—reflect the growth of book clubs and the postwar paperback revolution, which changed all publishing practices as well as the image of that hypothetical "average" book buyer.

Even with higher limits, 633 titles made the current combined list, representing a total sale of a billion and a quarter books by my own very rough calculation. Eleven of them sold more than six million apiece; twenty-five others each exceeded a four-million sale. By contrast, the hard-cover list remains modest, with 219 titles, although seventy-two have been added since 1955. Reference books account for the greatest hard-cover gains. Significantly, the paperback list has nearly tripled within the



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single decade of its separate existence. In contrast to the hard-cover situation, fiction dominates those 460 titles.

Considered as a category, cookbooks "have been the most consistent sellers in nonfiction since 1895" except for the Bible and books on religion, which have not been completely counted. Yet the total number of best-selling cookbooks actually sold totals about forty-eight million, only a third as many as the approximately 148 million "crime and suspense" novels. Even more astonishing, all but four of the top fifty titles in the crime category were written by three authors: Mickey Spillane, Ian Fleming, and Erle Stanley Gardner (in order of sales per individual title). Spillane's *I, the Jury* racked up over five million sales in just three years.

In this fast company, many old favorites of all genres fell behind or out of sight. Yet no simple litmus test could predict the dropouts. A continuing best seller is not necessarily good, the lists proclaim. On the other hand, it is not necessarily bad.

FREEDOM to publish long-tabooed words and themes brought new candor to the top of the lists by 1965, replacing saccharine with salt. Sex sells. On that point, the evidence was firm, as Lady Chatterley shoved fully dressed heroines like Pollyanna and Janice Meredith close to oblivion. At the same time, confounding theorists, headstrong Scarlett O'Hara hung on without once dropping her bustle. So did Rebecca and the poignant adolescent Anne Frank.

Whether, on balance, the new license raised or lowered public taste thus remains an unresolved question. Miss Hackett shuns it, leaving hypotheses to historians. She also ignores such parallel social changes as shorter work weeks, higher education, and expanding population that made larger book sales in all formats possible.

The predominance of crime and suspense, in number of titles sold, introduces an economic factor that Miss Hackett also overlooks; indeed, she does not include price data. It is nevertheless a fact that most of Erle Stanley Gardner's ninety-one best sellers can be bought for fifty cents, whereas most "straight" paperback fiction ranges from seventy-five cents to $2.95. To the casual reader, therefore, crime must seem a bargain. On the other hand, many expensive blockbusters have sold long and well.

Other factors that could bolster Perry Mason's appeal are his television rating and the fact that his deductions are couched in words and even sentences of one syllable. Careful study of such correlates would tell us more than Miss Hackett can about the real significance of the best sellers. Is it suspense, simplicity, or sheer brevity that holds the greatest appeal? Without more refined data, the interpreter can only guess.

## The Top Ten—1895 to 1965

(Combined Hardbound and Paperback)

| | |
|---|---|
| *The Pocket Book of Baby and Child Care.* By Dr. Benjamin Spock | 19,076,822 |
| *Better Homes and Gardens Cookbook* | 11,325,299 |
| *Pocket Atlas* | 11,000,000 |
| *Peyton Place.* By Grace Metalious | 9,919,785 |
| *In His Steps.* By Charles Monroe Sheldon | 8,065,398 (est.) |
| *God's Little Acre.* By Erskine Caldwell | 8,061,812 |
| *Betty Crocker's New Picture Cookbook* | 7,000,000 (est). |
| *Gone with the Wind.* By Margaret Mitchell | 6,978,211 |
| *How to Win Friends and Influence People.* By Dale Carnegie | 6,578,314 |
| *Lady Chatterley's Lover.* By D. H. Lawrence | 6,326,470 |

Those disposed to downgrade public taste must acknowledge the rise in sales of both classics and quality moderns. Among authors favored by the critics who have passed the million mark, Miss Hackett points out J. D. Salinger, Harper Lee, Henry Miller, Aldous Huxley, Mary McCarthy, Sinclair Lewis, Thornton Wilder, and James Baldwin. She might have added Hemingway, Faulkner, Lawrence (both D. H. and T. E.), Joyce, Steinbeck, Farrell, O'Hara, Mailer, Nabokov, Marquand, and Moravia. Many of those appeared as annual leaders; others like Stephen Crane were rescued from dusty back lists to win over a new generation.

FOR pessimists, on the other hand, even a short list of eminent omissions will fortify despair: James, Dreiser, Anderson, and Fitzgerald from the United States, Hardy and Forster from Great Britain, Mann, Proust, Camus, and Sartre from the Continent. To many, their absence constitutes a vast refutation of the best-seller system with all that it falsely implies about intrinsic merit.

In their place on these lists one finds dozens of names no longer recognizable and others now synonymous with mediocrity. In fact, "who bumped whom" would make a lively parlor game for the literati. During the first year cited, Thomas Hardy delivered *Jude the Obscure* to posterity while Americans purred over another British import, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, by the now



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obscure Ian Maclaren. In 1902, *The Wings of the Dove* was bypassed in favor of *The Virginian* and *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*; in 1924, we bought *So Big* while critics hailed *A Passage to India*; and in 1925, year of double ignominy, we preferred *The Keeper of the Bees* by Gene Stratton Porter to either *The Great Gatsby* or *An American Tragedy*.

From such omissions, wary publishers may form some concept of what does *not* sell: complexity of style, subtlety of characterization, attitudes of negation. Social criticism, if brisk, funny and/or salacious, can be readily merchandised (as Lewis, Wakeman, even Orwell demonstrate); yet by and large, we shun irony, abhor alienation. We dislike disorder, which probably accounts for the relatively poor showing of *Tropic of Cancer* compared to Lady Chatterley; and, with some notable exceptions, we as a nation prefer a happy ending, or at least a punished villain, even when blatant bathos is out.

Statistically unsound as they are usually conceded to be, best-seller lists can only suggest trends, never prove them. One vagary of the present volume makes its findings positively misleading for those who fail to read a summary of major exclusions mentioned in the text. This includes the Holy Bible, all variants of Webster's dictionary, and several standard reference works that might challenge cookbooks and sex books if properly tabulated.

In that limited context, the current decline of Charles Monroe Sheldon's seventy-year-old religious novel *In His Steps* from first to fifth place might be construed as evidence that God is dead in the bookstores. But every important new edition of the Bible published within the span of this book has dominated the annual lists, although unaccountably omitted from the cumulative totals. In most years, religious novels and inspirational sermons have further challenged secular rivals. One can hardly doubt, therefore, that since the best-selling *Quo Vadis* asked the public where it was going in 1897, book sales have testified to the constant hope of American readers that heaven's their destination.


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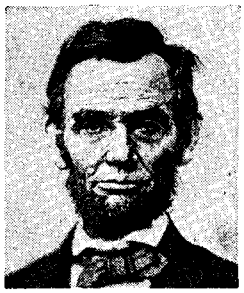

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# One Man's Cityscape

MARTIN NOLAN

A PLACE TO LIVE, by Wolf Von Eckardt. *Delacorte Press. $9.95.*

Most American newspapers employ movie critics; many support drama and dance critics; only a handful think it worthwhile to employ architecture critics. Of this handful, none is more perceptive or eloquent than Wolf Von Eckardt. He works for the Washington *Post* in a city where the ghost of Pierre L'Enfant must surely cry out for vengeance as vinyl skyscrapers daily desecrate his original plan. The sting of Von Eckardt's prose has, alas, small effect on the elephantine hide of the city's bureaucracy. In his time have arisen such monstrous blights on the landscape as the Rayburn Building, a marble mausoleum for senior House members, and the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, a giant assortment of music halls sprawling along the Potomac, apparently designed to quarantine culture.

Von Eckardt doesn't quit readily, as his latest book shows. It is at once an angry essay on America's urban environment, a history of its origins, and a primer for those who would elevate civic design to a higher order in public priorities. The book displays all the strengths and weaknesses of the author's heroes, the great modern architects—it is dramatic, sweeping, bold, indeed breathtaking, but a little impractical. If *A Place to Live* were a building, one might justifiably conclude that it's a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't want to live there.

The book is not organized in any discernible fashion. It begins with a discussion of urban theories, then skips to a history of modern architecture, including some concise assessments of the great names therein. The author then leads readers on an odyssey through the history of American city planning to contemporary views on what urban renewal has done to the American landscape and what new towns might do.

The most revealing part of the book is in Von Eckardt's evaluation of leading modern architects. A chapter called "Kitsch" discusses the confections of Edward Durell Stone, while a chapter called "Restraint" is devoted largely to the monuments of Eero Saarinen. Most of the book consists of similar sketches, from Gropius, Le Corbusier, and Mies van der Rohe to the newer architects Paul Rudolph and Philip Johnson. The sketches are more historical than biographical, for something in Von Eckardt will not allow him to pin the blame on those responsible for what he calls "the anarchy of forms." He deals harshly with Rudolph's "almost absurd" arts building at Yale and damns Johnson with faint praise by saying he is "really a better architect than Niemeyer."

BUT for the giants, those who spread the gospel of the Bauhaus and the "International Style," Von Eckardt displays indulgence to the point of idolatry. Mies, Corbu, *et al.* were theorists of revolution first, he indicates, citing Le Corbusier's statement that "All the values have been revised. There has been a revolution in the conception of what architecture is." Von Eckardt admits that the revolution "remains a promise, at best a prophecy," but fails to concede that the promise was false and promulgated by false prophets. Instead of stating that Le Corbusier, a great artist, might have been too much the irrelevant eccentric, the author finds it easier to condemn the anonymous hordes of highway engineers, real-estate men, profiteers, and bureaucrats as the chief villains in our shoddy environmental saga.

To be sure, he throws a sop to the cause of historic preservation and to the mass-produced Techbuilt homes. Von Eckardt even admits that the Mies-Johnson Seagram Tower on Park Avenue may have "destroyed the harmony of the cityscape. The change from the old to the new was too abrupt." Park Avenue today is a gauntlet of brutal glass boxes; but who is more responsible, the lesser men who designed the imitation buildings or the geniuses who "revolutionized" and experimented with the cityscape by designing the Seagram Tower and Lever House? Von Eckardt fails to answer.

He does imply that the new, intimate town of Reston in Virginia might well be the antithesis of the towering dreams of Le Corbusier. Reston is not a revolution but a reaffirmation of values as old as those of medieval city planners. It is designed to what Lewis Mumford calls the human scale. If Von Eckardt does not confess a past flirtation with grandeur, he atones adequately in his reporting on Reston, on the best trends in urban renewal, and on the new hopes for all of America. Indeed, his saving grace is that he is not afraid to dream and to hope. His epilogue on de Tocqueville's return to America in the twenty-first century is a hymn of hope to the rational powers of Americans in controlling their environment. One needn't agree with every particular of his hopes for cities, but they are a refreshing contrast to the miasma of ideological dogma and metaphysical froth that dominates much of the discussion of cities today.

VON ECKARDT'S view of the future is much more vivid than his view of the past, to which he devotes too much of his book. One feels that his appraisal of new buildings, although clear-eyed, still suffers from the strain of trying to categorize them in their proper Miesian or Bauhaus pigeonholes. This astigmatism may be alleviated once Von Eckardt explores more thoroughly the cold, sordid realities of politics and zoning, building codes and tax laws, all of which have more influence on our environment than a battalion of purists.

The editors of the Washington *Post* have recently liberated Von Eckardt's writings from the movie pages and distributed his critiques and reports in the news columns, where they belong. Architecture, surely the most cloistered of the major professions, may yet have a critic who will shine a public spotlight on it to the end of making its efforts more relevant. Von Eckardt's next book may be more disciplined and thus more stirring for would-be followers. In the meantime, his current thinking on the cause of civic design will have to satisfy us, since it seems to be the only such crusade in town.



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